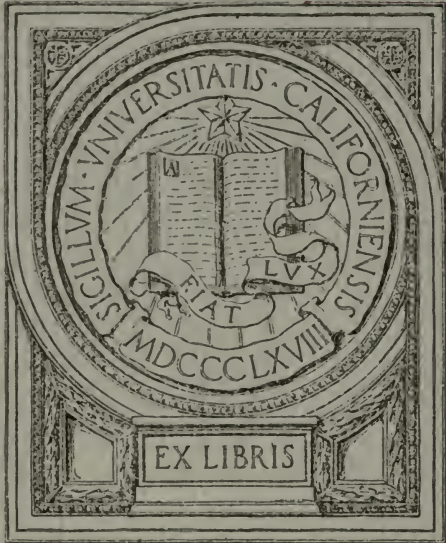


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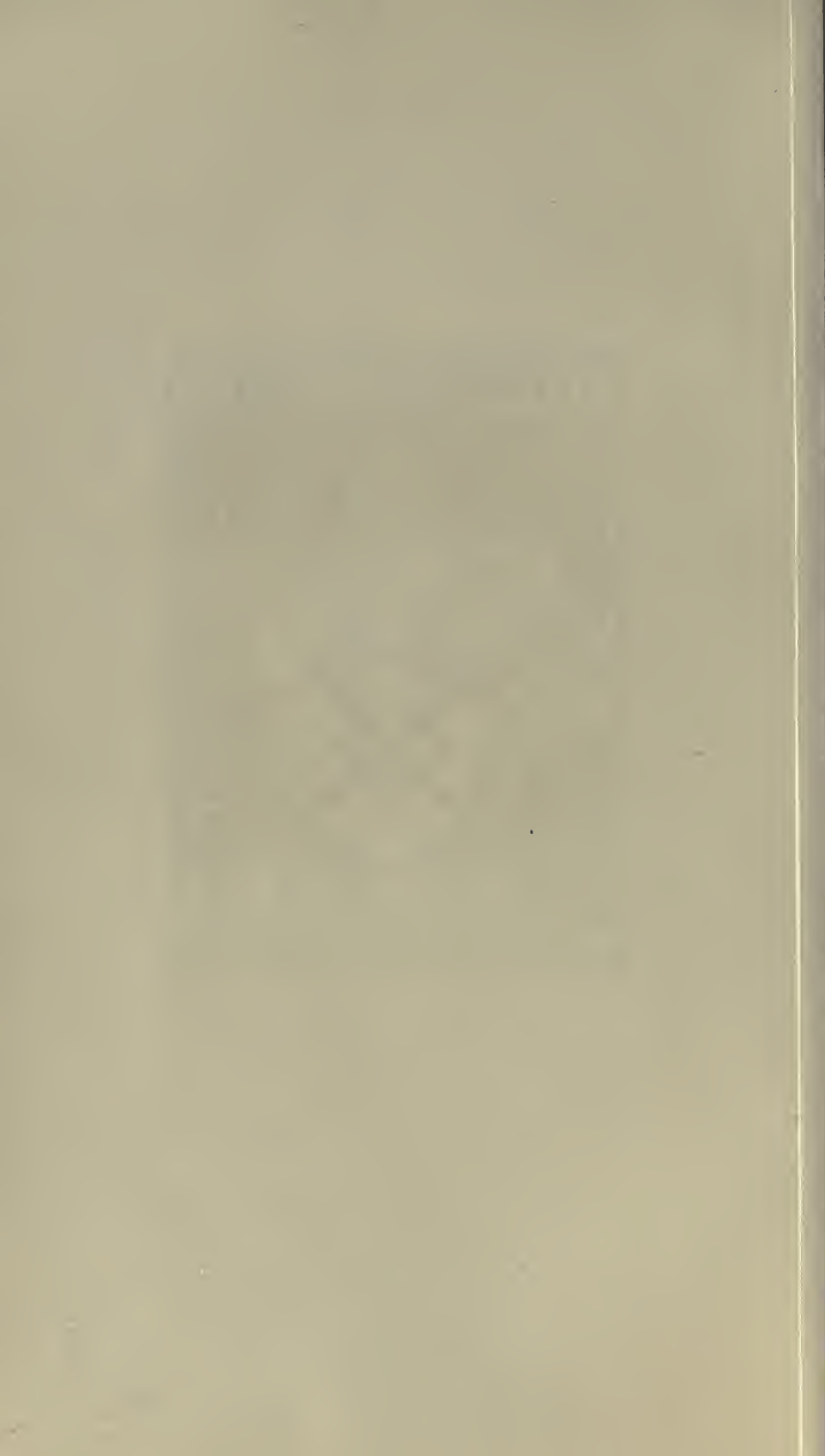


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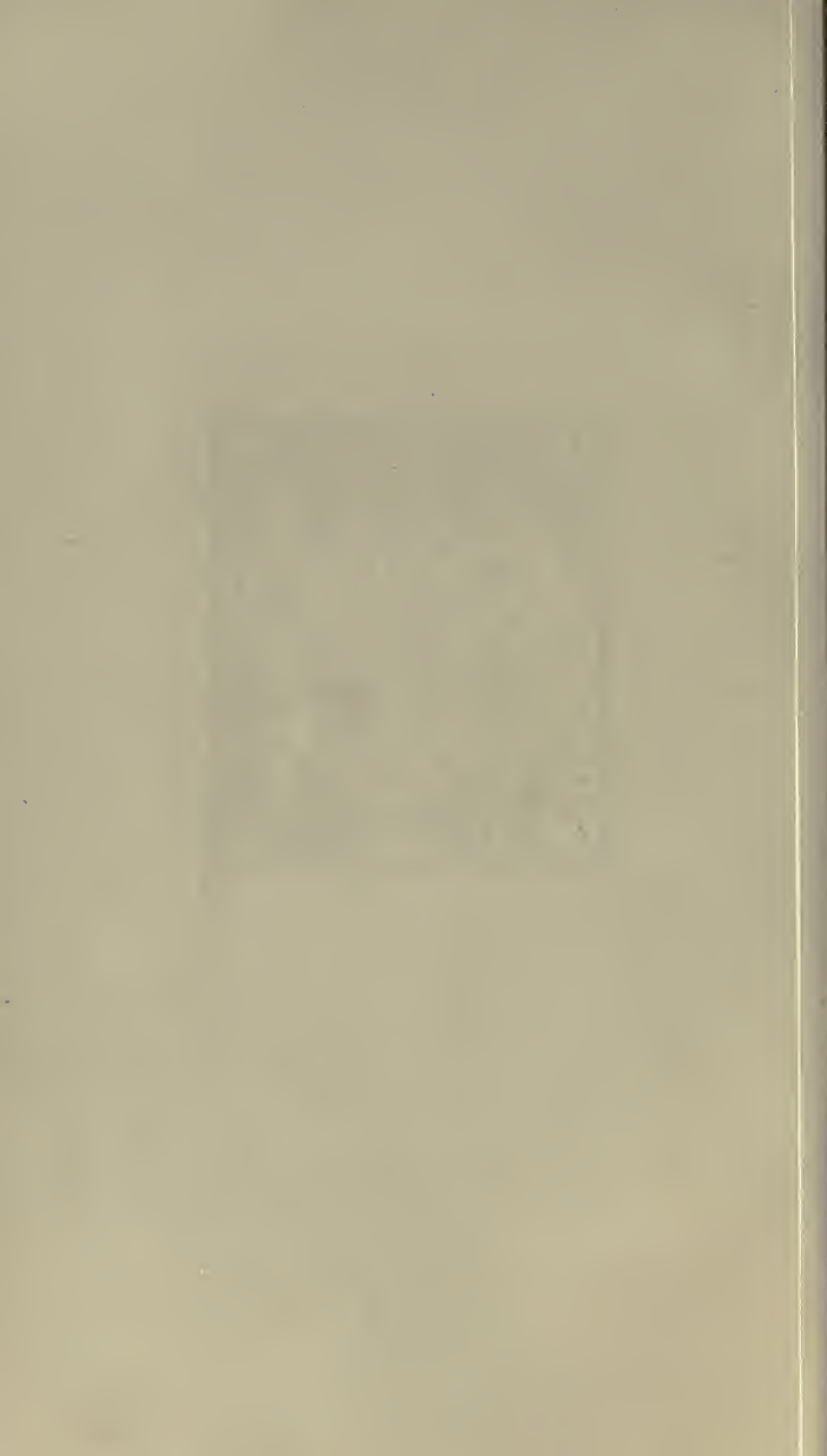
925
T926
1843













W. K. Sharpe Del.

W. H. Lewis Sculp.

Visions of Tundale.

Engraved for Thomas G. Stevenson, 1847.

925
T926
1843

THE
VISIONS OF TUNDALE;

TOGETHER WITH
METRICAL MORALIZATIONS

AND
OTHER FRAGMENTS OF EARLY POETRY,
HITHERTO INEDITED.



EDINBURGH:
THOMAS G. STEVENSON,
87, PRINCES STREET.

M.DCCC.XLIII.

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EDINBURGH
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from your correspondence, and the admiration which I feel for your great *book-chivalry*. It is truly grateful to turn from the cold and selfish utilitarianism of the world around us, to the sympathies of such as delight in retracing the paths of time, and revelling in the umbrageous pastures of antiquity. And when to the union of taste and means is superadded an inclination to follow, and a judgment to regulate, the pursuits which they mutually command, the fortunate possessors of such may rejoice in a position alike rare and enviable. To that category of favoured mortals you, my dear Sir, have the happiness to belong ; so, without further intruding on your patience, or diverting your time from matter more attractive, allow me, in the words of our Northern Poet, to say,

“ Adieu, dear EYTON ! life and health,
And store of literary wealth !”

I am,

Your's, most sincerely,

W. B. D. D. TURNBULL.

EDINBURGH, 25, GREAT KING STREET,
THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY, 1843.



Introduction.

TOWARDS the close of 1837, my friend Mr. David Laing and I printed for private circulation a small volume of early poetry of the 13th and 14th centuries, of which the impression was so excessively restricted, that the book is now, and must ever be, of the utmost rarity.* The largest portion of that, to collectors, very eximious opuscle, contained the legend of Owain Miles; in the initiatory remarks to which Mr. Laing, referring to cognate works on the fiction illustrated by that poem, makes mention of the ‘Visions of Tundale,’ contained in the MS. to be immediately noticed, as worthy of publication. A concurrence in opinion has induced me, after an interval not of absolute idlesse, to fulfil an intention

* Owain Miles, and other Inedited Fragments of Early English Poetry, in 8vo. Impression, Thirty-two copies.

then proposed ; and accordingly the present volume, devoted to the preservation of antique versicles, commences with the marvellous narrative so selected and approved.

The manuscript whence these Visions of Tundale and the remaining articles are selected, is a small 4to volume of the 15th century, preserved in the Advocates' Library, (Jac. V. 7, 27,) consisting of 216 folios. It was from this same MS. that Mr. Weber printed the "Huntyng of the Hare" in his Collection of Metrical Romances. Tundale occupies folios 98-157 inclusive.

Of this legend, so popular in the middle ages, many versions, both in prose and in verse, exist in divers languages. I am not aware, however, of any one in English having been heretofore printed. Another MS. with very inconsiderable variations, exists in the Cottonian Collection, (Caligula, A. ii.) and contains 2176 lines.

The following of the printed Visions, all in prose, appear most worthy of notice :—

The earliest with a date bears that of 1473, and was printed at Augsburg in 1473, in folio. Its title is "Das puch der pein der selen und von den freuden d'erwelten, und ist zu latein genant Visio Tundali, zu teutsch die gesicht Tundali." A copy occurs in Thorpe's Catalogue for 1840, No. 2977. One bearing the date of 1472, but which is a misprint for 1482, was printed at Antwerp by Van der Goes, in 4to. **Welt. Goth.** Also, by an unknown printer, at Hertogenbosch, or Bois-le-Duc, in 1484, and at Delf in 1494, both in 4to.

Another, without place or date, but from the press of Reyser at Eichstadt, about 1475, has this title —“ Incipit libellus de raptu animæ Tundali et ejus visione, tractans de penis inferni et gaudiis paradisi.” It is in 4to, in Gothic letter, and embellished with 20 quaint woodcuts.

With the same title, also in 4to, and in Gothic letter, and having neither place nor date, an edition was printed by Therhoernen at Cologne. Of this a full account may be seen in the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, IV. p. 31. Besides the Althorpe copy, a very fine one exists in the library of Mr. Grenville, and another is mentioned in Thorpe’s Catalogue for 1838, No. 3764.

“ Uon Tondalo dē ritter auss Hybernica eyn wüderlich geschicht, etc. 4to. Gothic letter, with woodcuts; at Augsburg, by Zeissenmair, in 1494; and again at the same place, by Froschauer, in 1508, same size.

In Thorpe’s Catalogue for 1838, No. 3765, one without date, in 4to. is thus titled, “ Hier beghint dat bouck van Tondalus Visioen, ende hoe hii siele wt sinen lichame genomen was, ende hoe hii weder on lenendich wart. Antwerpen, by my Gouaert back.” And in the same extensive bookseller’s catalogue for 1840, No. 2976 is stated to be an edition, *sine nota*, consisting of 15 leaves, an entire page containing 30 lines, with curious woodcuts, and apparently unknown to bibliographers.

The latest which I have seen is in my own possession, of date 1576, and consists of 12 leaves in 4to.

with strange cuts. The title-page is "Eenschoone Historie van Tondalus Visioen. Hoe zijn ziele wt zijn lichaem was dry daghen ende dry nachten, ende hoe hy weder leuende wert. T'Hantwerpen, by Pauwels Stroobant, inde Cammerstrate, inden witten Hasewindt."

The Visions of Tundale are also contained in the *Sanctilogium Britannie* of John of Tynemouth, (MS. Cott. Tiberius, E. i.) and in the *Speculum Historiale* of Vincent of Beauvais. They also exist in MS. in Magdalen College, Oxford, N. 53.

Concerning the Purgatory of the blessed Saint Patrick, the fullest account will be found in the "Florilegium" of Messingham. The oldest poem is presumed to be that of Marie de France, "*Le Purgatoire de Saint Patrice*," written about the commencement of the 13th century, and analysed by Le Grand D'Aussy, vol. v. p. 93, third edition.

The following curious notice of this storehouse of marvels, occurs in the delightful *Chronicles* of Froissart. I use the charming translation of Lord Berners.* "On the Friday in the mornyng Sir Wyllyam Lysle and I rode together, and on the waye I demaunded of hym yf he had been with the kynge in the woyage into Irelande. He answered me yes. Than I demaunded of hym the maner of the hole that is in Irelande, called Saynt Patrykis purgatorie, if it were trewe that was sayde of it or not. Than he sayde, that of a suretie suche a hole there was, and that he hymselfe and another knyght of Eng-

* Vol. ii. p. 610. ed. 1812.

lande hadde ben there whyle the kynge laye at Duuelyn, and sayd howe they entred into the hoole and were closed in at the sonne goyng downe, and abode there all nyght, and the next mornynge issued out agayne at the son risyng. Than I demaunded if he had any such strange sightes or vysions as were spoken of. Than he sayd, howe that whan he and his felowe were entred and past the gate that was called the purgatorie of Saynt Patryke, and that they were discended and gone down thre or four paces, discending downe as into a cellar, a certayn hote wapure rose agaynst them, and strake so into their heedes, that they were fayne to syt doune on the stares, whiche are of stone ; and after they had sytte there a season, they hade great desyre to slepe, and so fell aslepe, and slepte there all nyght. Than I demaunded that if in their slepe they knewe where they were, or what visyons they had. He answered me, that in slepyng they entred into great ymaginacyons and in marvelous dremes, otherwyse than they were wont to haue in their chambres : and in the mornynge they issued out, and within a shorte season clene forgate their dremes and visyons, wherfore he sayde he thought all that mater was but a fantasy. Than I lefte spekyng any further of that matter, by cause I wolde fayne haue knowen of hym what was done in the voyage in Irelande."

Among many other books on the subject of this saint's Purgatory, may be noticed, " Bouillon, (F.) Histoire de la vie et du Purgatoire de S. Patrice Archevesque et Primat d'Hybernie," Avignon, *sans*

date, 12mo, and Lyons, 1674, 12mo. Also "Le Voyage du Puy Saint Patrice, auquel lieu on voit les peines du Purgatoire et aussis les joyes de Paradis, Lyons, 1506, 4to."

Of all the purgatorial legends, the oldest appears to be that of the visions of St. Fursey. These are briefly abstracted in Cressy's Church History of Brittany, p. 354, and in that of the venerable Bede, Vol. I. p. 199, (ed. English Historical Society) from the several Latin accounts of it existing in manuscript; but a very interesting account in Anglo-Saxon, preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, MS. Jun. No. 23, fol. 48, has recently been printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* of Messrs. Wright & Halliwell, I. 276, a miscellany of more intrinsic value than many others of greater pretension.

The illustration to Tundale, which forms the frontispiece to this volume, is another of those exercises of friendship for which I have so often been indebted to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. who always increases the value of his favours by the delicacy with which he confers them.

The remaining contents of this volume are—

1. THE TRENTALLE OF SAINT GREGORY. See in Butler's Lives of the Saints, under March 12, the remote germ of this story. Trentals for departed souls are usually termed Gregorian masses, after his Holiness. In the Cotton MS. Caligula, A. ii. 63, 6. is a different version, commencing—

"A nobull story wryte Y fynde,
A pope he wrote to haue yn minde."

2, 3, 4. MORALIZATIONS, or metrical expositions on these three great festivals of the Church, the Circumcision of our Lord, the Epiphany, and the Purification of our blessed Lady.

5. THE INCARNACION: consisting of English and Latin alternate rhymes.

6. ECCE ANCILLA DOMINI: a hymn on the Annunciation of our Lady.

7. AVE REGINA CELORUM: a hymn in honour of our Lady.

8. THE MASSE: in praise of the great Christian sacrifice, and rules for conduct thereat.

9. THAT PES MAY STOND: a pious effusion on the then distracted state of the country.

10. VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST: on the wondrous composite unity of God and Man.

11. The volume appropriately terminates with "DEO GRACIAS," a sweetly flowing song of humble gratitude, setting forth the duty of thankful expression to Almighty God for all his mercies, "which endure for ever."

Albeit the structure of these various verses is extremely rude, they will, to a reflective mind, prove neither barren nor unfruitful in moral suggestions. They are quiet homelists. Whoso can, had better to them, (as the marginal memoranda of the MS. repeatedly admonish),

Take gude hede.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Tundale.

IHESU Cryst Lord off myghtis most
Fader and Son and Holy Gost
Grant hem alle thi blessing
That lystenycht me to my endyng
Yf ye that her ben wyll a whyle dwell
Sechen a sampull Y wyll yow telle
That he that woll hit vndurstand
In hart he schall be full dredand
For hys synnis yf he woll drede
10 And clanse hym her of his mysdede

In Yrlond byfyll sum tyme this case
Sethyn God dyeyd and from deythe arase
Aftyr that tyme as ye may here
A thowsand and a hondryt here
And nyn wyntur and fovrty
As it hys wretyn in tho story
I woll yow tell what befell than
In Yrlond of a rych man
Tvndale was is ryght name
20 He was a man of wykud fame
He was ryche ynow of ryches
But he was poore of all gudnesse

- He was ay full of trychery
 Of pride of yre and of envy
 Lechery was all his play
 And gloteny he loved ay
 He was full of covetyse
 And euer slovthe in Goddis servyce
 Noo warkis of mercy wold he worch
 30 He lovyd neuer God ne holy chyrch
 With hym was neuer no charyte
 He was a mon with owton pyte
 He loued well iogelars and lyers
 He mayntyinod ay mysdoers
 He louyd ay contact and stryve
 Ther was non holdyn wors on lyf
 Yett wold not God is sowle tyne
 For he hit boghtte from hell pyne
 For his mersy passud all thyng
 40 But Tvndale had an hard warnyng
 For as he in his transyng lay
 His sowle was in a dredeful way
 Ther hit saw mony an howge payn
 Ar hit come to the body agayn
 In purgatory and in helle
 As he saw he cowthe well telle
 But how he had a hard fytt
 Yf ye woll here ye may whytt

 Tvndale had frendys full mony
 50 But he was full of trichery
 Of his maners mony had dred
 For he was lythur in word and dede
 Throw our wold he syluer leyn
 For nyne schyllyng he wold have ten

- For frystyng wold he our take
And nothyng leyn for Goddis sake
When he sold his marchandyse
He sold ay derur than ryghtfull prise
He wold gyve dayes for his best
60 But he sold the derur for the fryst
Tundale he went vpon a day
To a mon to ascon his pay
For thre horsis that he had sold
For the whych the pennys wer vntold
That mon hym preyd of respyte
Vn to a day the deyt to quytte
And proferud hym sykernes by othe
Anon he grucchud and waxyt wrothe
For he had not evon tho pay
70 But thratte hym fast and made gret aray
But Tundale was bothe quynte and whys
He sette the horsis to full hye prise
For he had no pay in honde
To hym the mon in scripture hym bonde
The mon spoke to hym curtesly
And broghtte hym owt of is malycoly
He sobort his hart that was so greyt
And made Tundale dwell at tho meytt
And when he was seytt and seruyd well
80 A greytt evyl he began to fele
At the fyrst mossel soo syttand
He myghte not well lefte vp his hond
He cryed lowde and changyt chere
As he had felud dethe nere
To the weyf of the howse than callud he
Leve dame he seyde for charyte

- Loke me my sparthe wher that he stande
 That Y broughtt with me in my hande
 And helpe me now hethon away
 90 For Y hope to dye this same day
 So harde with evyll am Y tane
 That strenthe in me fell Y nane
 For now my hart so febull Y fele
 Y am but dede Y wot full wele
 A Jhesu Cryst Y aske the mercy
 For can Y now non oder remedy
 Ryght as he schuld ryse of that stede
 Anon in the flore he fell don dedde
 Tho that wer his frendys by sybbe
 100 Herd of that cause that hym bytydde
 Thei comyn to hym with hart sore
 And saw Tundale lygge dedde in the flore
 For hym wer the bellis yrongge
 And placebo and dyrge sone y-songe
 All his cloths wer of hym tane
 He lay cold dedde as any stan
 But of the lyft syde of Tundale
 Was sum wat warme the veyne quale
 Wherfor sum hyld hym not all dedde
 110 For why thei had hym not fro that sted
 But styll as a dedde mon ther he lay
 From mydday of that wenusday
 Tyl the setturday after the none
 By than wyst Tundale what he had done
 Then he lay dedde as ye han hard
 But heris now how is sowle fard

Wen Tundale fell don sodenly
 The gost departyd sone from the body

- As sone as the body was dedde
 120 Tho sowle was sone in a darke sted
 Full wrechudly hit stod all one
 Hit weput sore and made gret mone
 He wend to a byn dampnyd ay to pyne
 And neuer a com to the body agayne
 For the synnis that the body dyd
 That myght not ther be laft nor hydde
 He had leuer then almydyl erde
 Ha ben agayne so was he ferd
 But sum had more and sum had lasse j passus
- 130 As tho story beyrthe wytnesse
 As the gost stod in gret dowte
 He saw comyng a full loddly rowte
 Of fowle fendys ay grennyng
 And as wyld wolfis thei cam rampyng
 He wold a flown from that syght
 But he wyst neuer whyder he myght
 This fowle fendys cam to hym ther
 The sowle for ferd made drury chyr
 And that was full lytull wondor
- 140 He went to a byn ryvon asonder
 Thei wer so loghtly on to loke
 Hym thoghtte the eyrthe vnder hym schoke
 Her bodys wer bothe black and fowle
 Full gryssly con thei on hym gowle
 Her ynee wer brode and brannyng as fyr
 All thei wer full off anger and yre
 Her mowthis wer wyde thei gapud fast
 The fyre owt of her mowthis thei cast
 Thei wer full of fyr with in
- 150 Her lyppis honget byneythe her chynne

Her tethe wer long tho throtus wyde
 Her tongis honged owt full syde
 On face and hondis thei had gret nayles
 And grette hornes and atterying taylys
 Her naylis were kene as grondon styll
 Scharpur thyng myght no man fyll
 Of hem cam the fowlest stynk
 That any erthyly mon myght thynk
 With her naylys in that plas
 160 Ychon cracched other in the face
 Thei faghtton ycheon with oder and stryvon
 And ychon oder all to ryvon
 Hit was a wonder grysely syght
 To see how thei weryn all y-dyght
 In tho word was no mon alyve
 That cowthe so grysely a syghth dyscryve
 Full grymly thei on hym staryd
 And all at onis thei cryd and rored
 And seyde gow abowte we yond wykyd gost
 170 That hath ey don owre counsel most
 And syng we hym a song of deyde
 For he hathe wroght after owre red
 Thei vmlapud the soule abowte
 And erendon and mad an hugy schowt
 And seyde thou synfull wreechyd wyght
 In hell a styde is for the dyght
 For thou art now owre owne fere
 Thou art deythis doghtter dere
 And soo to tho fyr with owttyn ende
 180 And to darknes art thou frend
 And to all lyght art thou foo
 Therfor with vs schult thou goo

- This his thi felyschyp thou caytyff
That thou chase to the in thi lyffe
Therfor with vs schald thou wende
To dwell in hell withowton ende
Thou hast y-byn bothe fals and fykyll
And thou hast seyde fals sclandor mykyll
Thou louedyst stryft nyght and day
190 And thou and we lovyd ay
Thou hast y-lovyd myche lechery
And myche thou hast vsud vountry
Pryde envy and covetys
Glotteny with all oder vys
Why wolddust not thou leyve thi trechery
Whyle thou levedust and was myghty
Wher his now all thi vanyte
Thi ryches and thi grette mayne
Wher is thi pompe and thi pryde
200 Thi wyckydnes may thou not hyde
Wer is thi streynthe and thi myght
And thi hornys soo gayly dyght
Wher is thi gold and thi tresour
Wher is thi catell and thi stor
That thou wendyst schuld neuer the fayll
And now may all hit not the avayle
Thou louyst neyuer God nor holy chyrch
Noo warkys of mercy woldyst worch
All the gud that in tho erthe is
210 Nor all the matens ne all the masse
Myght not help the from the peyn of hell
Fer eyuer mor ther in to dwell
That wykked thoyght that was in thi brest
Woldyst thou neuer schowe it to no preste

Wreche thou thar not calle nor crye
 Thou wendust with vs withowton mercy
 Ther the gost stod hit was darke as nyght
 But sone he saw a sterre full bryght
 Tundale fast that sterre beheld
 220 Full wyll comfortud he hym feld
 Throw tho vertu of his creatur
 He hopeyd to geyte sum socur
 That was the angell to beton is bale
 The whych was emer of Tundale
 The angell sone with Tundale mett
 And full mekely he hym grette
 He spake to hym with myldde chere
 Tundale he seyde wat dost thou here
 When Tundale herd hym his name call
 230 And saw hym bryght schynnyng with all
 He was fayn and began to crie
 And seyde swete fader mercy
 These fowle fendys for my mysdede
 To tho fyr of hell thei wold me lede
 Then onsweryd the angell bryght
 And seyde to the drefull wyght
 Fader and lord thou callust me now
 Why woldyst thou not er to me bow
 Y was thi yemer evon and moron
 240 Seythou thou was of thi moder boron
 Thou woldyst neyuer to me take tent
 Nor to non of myn thou woldyst not sent
 Tundale seyde and sykyd sore
 Lord Y saw the neuer before
 Nor neuer myght Y here the lowde nor styll
 Therfor wyst Y not of thi wyll

- The angell that was of gret myght
 Chasyd won that was a fowle wyght
 Of all that fowle company
 250 Ther semed non soo vngdly
 Tundale he seyde this is he
 That thou dyddyst know and not me
 After hym thou hast alway wrought
 But in me trystys thou ryght noght
 But Goddis mercy schall the save
 All thaff thou servydyst non to have
 But Y woll welle that thou wytte
 The behovyt fyrst an hard fyght
 Than was Tundale full glad
 260 But he was after full hard bystad
 For he saw peynis greyt and strong
 And sum of hem was he among
 Well he cowthe tell yche a peyn
 When he come to the body ageyn
 Tundale ther out the angell hym drowgh
 For hym thoght he had drede ynow
 When that he saw tho fendys felle
 That he schuld not goo with hem to hell
 Thei began to rore and crye
 270 And sclanderyd the God all myghty
 And seyde thou art not tru Justyce
 Thou art fals and vnryght wysse
 Thou seydest thou schuldust reward sone
 Ylke mon after that he hathe done
 (*Unicusque secundum opus suum etc.*)
 Tundale is owris with skylle and ryght
 For he hathe saruyd hus day and nyght

- Full wykydly has he levyd longe
 Yf we leyf hym thou dost hus wronge
 280 Thei rorud and crydon so wer thei woo
 That Tundale schuld wend hem froo
 Ychon faght and with oder dyd stryve
 And with her naylys her chekys dyd ryve
 So fowle a stynke as thei cast than
 Feld neuer before yrthely man
 Then seyde the angell to hym at the last
 Tundale com forthe and folow me fast
 Then seyde he and syknd full sore
 Lord than seyst thou neuer me more
 290 Yf Y goo behynd the then am Y schent
 Thes fendys from the wold me hent
 And leyde me with hom to hell peyn
 Then getust thou me neuer ageyn
 Then seyde the angell have no drede
 Thei mey no wyse from me the lede
 As mony as the thynkuth semyth here
 Yet ar ther mo with naylys full nere
 Whylis that God is with vs bathe
 Thei may neuer do hus skathe
 300 But thou may rede to defende the with
 In the profecy of Davyd
 [Cadent a latere tuo mille et decem millia
 a dextris
 Tu is ad te autem non appropinquabit
 Amen]
 That ther schall fall of thi lyft syde
 A thowsand fendys in schort tyde
 And of thi ryght syde semand
 Schall fall also ten thowsand

- And non of hem schall com to the
Bot with thi eyn thou schalt hom see
310 Thou schalt y-see or we too twynne
What peynis fallyth for dyuerse synne
When the angell had told his tale
Throw an entre he lad Tundale
That was darke they had no lyght
But only of the angell bryght
Thei saw a depe dale full marke
Of that Tundale was full yrke
When he hit saw he vgged sone
A delfull dwellyng saw he thore
320 That depe dale fast he beheld
A fowle stenke therof he feld
Alle the grond that ther was semand
Was full of glowyng colis brennand
Ouer that colys yron lay
Red glowand hit semud ay
Four cubytis thyk hit was
Tho heyte of the fuyr dyd throw pas
That yron was bothe large and brad
For full strong payn was hit mad
330 The heyte of the yron was more
Then all the fuyr that was thore
That fyr was euer ylyche brannyng
And euer more strong lyke stynkyng
Of that fyr com more stynk
Then any erthely mon myght thynk
And that was peyn to hym more
Then all that he saw or he com thore
Apon that yron as hit was seyde
Fendys with the sowlis wer layd

- 340 And in that stynke dvd thei brenne
 And wer molton as wax in a pon
 Thei ronnon throw that yron in to the fyr both
 As hit wer wax throw a clothe
 Thei weron gederud and molton agayn
 And fro thes ther in to new payn
 Then seyde the angell to Tundale
 Her may thou see mykyll bale
 For euery mon is ordenyt this payn
 That fader and moder has bothe y-slayn
 350 Or any oder throw cursyd red
 Or ben asentyd to any monis ded
 Off this geyte thei neuer reles
 For this peyn schall neuer ses
 In oder peyn yet schell thei be
 Then this that thow may herre see
 But of this peyn schall thou not fele
 And yett thou hast deservyd hit full welle
 Thei passyd from that peyn
 And comyn to a greyt montteyn
 360 That was bothe gret and hye
 Theron he hard a delfoll crye
 Alle that ton syde was semand
 Full of smoke and fyr brennand
 That was bothe darke and wan
 And stank of pyche and brymston
 On that toder syde myght he know
 Gret was the forst and snow
 And ther with gret wyndus blast
 And oder stormes that folowyn fast
 370 He saw ther mony fendys felle
 And herd hom loghtly rorre and yelle

iij passus

Thei hadon forkys and tongis in hand
 And gret brochys of yron glowand
 With hom thei drowyn and putton ful sore
 The wrecchyd sowlys that ther wore
 Owt of that fyr thei conne hom drawe
 And putton hom into the cold snowe
 And seythou in to the fyr agayne
 Thei putton hom in to oder peyne
 380 Her peyn was tornod mony folde
 Now in hotte now in cold
 Then seyde the angell that was so bryght
 This peyn is for thefus dyght
 And for hom that robry makis
 Or agayn mennis wyll her guddis takis
 Or throw falsehed any mon begyls
 Or wynnyght mennis gude with wykyd wyls
 Whet thei hadon seyn that wykyd torment
 Furdur more yette thei went
 390 The angell ay before con pas
 And Tundale after that sore aferd was
 Thei hyldon ey forthe the way
 Tyll thei come to another valay
 That was bothe dyppe and marke
 Of that syght was the sowle yrke
 In erthe myght non deppur be
 To the grond thei myght not see
 Aswowyng of hem thei hard ther in
 And of cryyng a delfull dyn
 400 Owt of that pytte he feld comand
 A fowle smoke that was stynkand
 Bothe of pycche and of brynston
 And ther in sowlys brent mony won

- That peyn hym thocht well more semand
 Then all the peynys that he beforyn fand
 That peyn passyd all oder peynis
 That pyt stod betwene two monteynis
 Ouer that pyt he saw a bryge
 Fro the ton to tho toder lygge
 410 That was of a thowsand steppys in leynthe to
 rede
 And scarsly of won ffotte in brede
 All quakyng that brygge euer was
 Ther myght no mon ouer hyt passe
 Leryd nor lewyd maydon ne wyff
 But holy men of perfyt lyff
 Mony sowlys he saw don falle
 Of that brygge that was so smalle
 He saw non that brygge myght passe
 But a prest that a palmer was
 420 A palme in his hond he had
 And in a slaveyn he was clad
 Ryght as he on erthe had gon
 He passyd ouer be hym selue alon
 Then seyde the sowle to that angell tho
 Y was neuer er soo wo
 Wo is me Y not how to passe
 So sor adred neuer er Y wasse
 The angell seyde to Tundale ryght
 Drede the noght her of this syght
 430 This payn schalt thou schape full well
 But oder peyn schalt thou fell
 This peyn is ordeynyde full grevos
 For proude men and bostus

- The angell toke hym be the hond swythe
 And lad hym ouer than was he blythe
 Yette went thei foryt bothe to geyder
 But the sowle wist neuer wyder
 Be a longe wey of greyt merknes
 As the story beryth wyttenes
 440 Thei passyd that and coom to lyght
 But he saw then an hoggy syght
 He saw a best that was more to know
 Then all tho monteynis that thei saw
 And his ynee semyd yette more
 And bradder then the valeyys wore
 In all his mowthe that was so wyde
 Nyne thowsand armyd in myght ryde
 Betwene his toskys that were so longe
 Too greyt gyandys he saw honge
 450 The hed of the ton hyng donward
 And the toder is hed stod vp ward
 In myddys his mowthe stodon on yche syde
 Too pylers to hold hyt vp wyde
 Tho pylers weron sette on sere wyse
 In his mowthe wer thre partyse
 As thre gret yatys that opon stode
 Gret flamys of fyr owt of hym yode
 And ther with come al so fowle a stynke
 As tong myght tell or hert thynke
 460 Thei hard ther a dylfull dyn
 Of mony thowsand sowlys with yn
 Gowlyng and gretying thei hard within among
 Wel a way was euer her song
 Lowd thei hard hem crye and yell
 Hor sorow myght no tong tell
 Befor that bestys mowthe was sene
 Mony thowsand of fendys kene

v passus

- That hyed hem with myght and mayne
 Tho wrecchyd sowlys to dryve to payne
 470 With brennyng baelys thei hem dong
 And with hem droffe to peynis strong
 When Tundale had that best y-seen
 And tho wykyd gostys that wer so kene
 Tundale spake full delfully
 When he hard that hydys crye
 And seyde than to that angell bryght
 What bytokenyth this hydys syght
 The angell onswerud hym anon
 This last is called akyron
 480 And ther throw byhouyth the to wend
 Yf we schull goo owre way to the end
 Non from this peyn may passe quyte
 But eleyne men of lyffe perfyte
 This hogy best as Y the kenne
 His sette to swolo couetows men
 That in erthe makyght hit prowde and towghe
 And neuer wenon to have ynowghe
 But euer coueton more and more
 And that hor sowlys forthynkon sore
 490 In the profecy hit is wryton thus
 That a best schall swolewo the covetows
 [*Absorbebit flumen et non mirabitur et
 habebit
 Fiduciam quod influat Jordanus in os
 eius*]
 So muche thurst hathe that best
 That all the water most and lest
 That euer ran est or west
 Myght not stanche the bestys thurst

- Ther for he is redy y-dyght
 Namely for yche a covetows wyght
 500 That wenon neuer ynow to have
 Ne holden hom payd nor vochen saffe
 That God hom sent of his grace
 Therfor thei schen sey alas alas
 For ay the more that thei han free
 Tho more covetows a mon may hem see
 The gyandys that thou syst with ee
 Hongyng betwene his toskis so hye
 Goddys law wold thei not knowe
 But thei wer trew in hor own lawe
 510 Of whom tho namis wer callud thus
 That ton hyght Forcusuo and that toder Con-
 allus
 Alas quod that sowle suche peyn have thay
 Wheder thei schull neuer thennis away
 Quod the angell the falon no glee
 And in erthe seche thast thou ybe
 When he had seyde this ther thei yode
 And byfor the best bothe thei stode
 But that was agayn Tundale is wylle
 The angell vaneschyde and he stod styll
 520 No wonder was thaw he had drede
 The fowle fendys comyn gud spede
 Thei token hym and bowndyn hym fast
 With ynne that best thei connen hym cast
 A whyle with in he most dwell
 Ther was he beyton with fendys fell
 With kene lyonis that on hym gnawe
 And dragonis that hym alto drowe

With eddrys and snakus full of venym
 He was all to drawyn yche lym
 530 Now he was in fyr brennand
 Now in yse fast fresand
 The terys of ynee two
 Thei brendon as fyr hym was full wo
 Strong stynke he feld of brymston
 He was in peynis mony won
 With his nalys in anger and stryfe
 Hys owne chekis he con alto ryfe
 Off yche synne that euer he dudde
 He was vpbraydud ther was non hudde
 540 In grett wanhope was he ay
 He went neuer to have passyd away
 But sone he come owt of that peyne
 He wyst not how he was full fayne
 Ryght now was he in full gret dowl
 And anon after was he withowt
 He lay a whyly as he wer deed
 And sone after he stod vp in that sted
 As he hym dressyd so syttande
 He saw an angell byforyn hym stande
 550 He had comfort than of that lyght
 When he saw thys angell bryght
 The angell twoched sone Tundale
 And gaff hym strynthe than was he hale
 Then lovyd he God of his grace
 With terys sore gretand in that place
 He thus passyd that torment
 But forder more bothe thei went
 Anoder wey thei to con take
 Tyll thei com to an hydous lake

- 560 That lake mad an hydous dynne
Throw wawys of water that weron with yne
Tho wawys of that water roos as hye
As any mon myght with is ee y-see
Therin wer howgy bestys and fell
That hydously con crye and yell
Therin wer brondis and brandon bryght
As brannyng lampis don on nyght
On yeche a syde thei waxud ay
To swolow sowlys that was ther pray
570 Ouer that lake then saw thei lygge
A wonder long narrow brygge
Too myle of leynthe that was semand
And scarsly of the bred of a hand
Off scharpe pykys of yron and stell
Hit was grevows for to fele
Ther myght non passe by that brygge thare
But yeff her feet wer hyrt sare
The hydous bestys in that lake
Drew nerre the brygge her pray to take
580 Off sowlows that fell of that brygge don
To swolow hem thei wer ay bon
Crying and yellyng and gowlyng y-fere
Tho noyse was wonder dredfull to here
These hydous bestys wer wonder grette
The sowlys that fell wer her mette
Tundale saw the bestys all
And fyr owt of her mowthe walle
The fyr that he saw from hem faulland
Made the water all hotte walland
590 He saw won stond on the brygge
With a burden of corne on is rygge

Gretand with a dylfull crye
And pleynud his synne full pytuysly
The pykys his fett pykud full sore
He dredyd the bestys mykyll mor
That hym to slee wer ay bowne
Yef that he had falle of the brygge don
Tundale askyd the angell bryght
What meneghth that hydous syght
600 The angell onswerud thus ayayn
For hym is ordeynyd this payn
That robbyght men of hor ryches
Or any gudys that herys is
Lewd or leryd or holy kyrke
Or any wrong to hem woll wyrk
But sum hagt more peyn and sum lase
All aftur that her synnis his
Sum reckys not wat thei deyre
And woll not a kyrke for beyre
610 Sum ar fekul and sum vnleylle
Sum woll robbe and sum wol stell
Thyng that to holy chyrche fallys
Sacraleggi that men callys
Thei that done wronge or vylony
Within that sted of seynt wary
Or within the sted of relegyon
Maketh any dystruccion
All schull thei here turment be
In this peyn that thou may see
620 And he that thou syst on the brygge stand
With the schevis so sore gretand
Fro holy chyrch he hom stale
For thei wer teythe told by tale

- Therfor byes he hem full dere
 That dede throw peyn that he hagt here
 Ouer the brygge schalt thou wend nowe
 And with the lede a wyld cowe
 Loke thou lede her warly
 And be war yee fall not by
 630 For wen thou art passyd thi peyn
 Thou delyuer hur me agayn
 The behouys to lede huyr ouer alle
 For that thou the gossypis cow stale
 Than spake Tundale with drury chere
 A mercy Y aske my Lord dere
 Yf all Y toke hur ayaynis his wyll
 He had hur ayayn as hit was skyll
 That was soght quod that angell
 For thou myghttust not from hym hur stell
 640 And for he had is cow agayn
 Thou schalt have the lesse payn
 Yche wyckyd dede more or lesse
 Schall be ponnyschyd after the trespas
 But God all myghty lykusse noght
 Nowder ell dede nor evyll thocht
 As Tundale stod that was ylle lykand
 The wylde cow was broght to is hand
 Maygrey in is chekys hym byhouyth nede
 To take the cow and forthe here lede
 650 Hym thocht hit was to hym gret pyne
 But he myght not be ther agayn
 He dud the angell commandment
 By the hornes the cow he hent
 He cheryschyd the cow all that he myght
 And to the brygge he leduth hor ryght

When he on the brygge was
The cow wold not forther pas
He saw the bestys in the lake
Draw nerre the brygge her pray to take
660 That cow had ner fall ouer that tyde
And Tundale on that toder syde
He was wonderly sor aferd than
Of gret myscheffe vp than thei wan
Thei passydon forthe that thoght hym hard
Tyll thei come to the mydwarde
Oder wylve he abouth oder wyle the cow
Bothe the hadon sorow ynow
Then mette thei hym that bare the corne
Ther went thei bothe thei hadon ben lorne
670 So narow then the brygge was
That nowder myght for other pas
To hom bothe hit was grette peyn
For nowder myght ther turne ageyn
Nor nowder dorst for all myddyl erd
Loke byhynd hym so wer thei ferd
The scharpe pykys that thei on yede
Made hor feet sore to blede
So that hor blod ran don that tyde
In to that water on eyder syde
680 He prayd Tundale of mercy
That he wold lette hym passe by
He seyd certus Y ne may
For Y may not passe for the away
Thei wepton sore gret dele ther was
For nowder myght lette oder pas
As Tundale stod with the cow in honde
He saw the angell byfor hym stond

- The angell broght hym from that wo
 And bad hym lette the cow goo
 690 And be of gud comfort now
 For thou schalt no more lede the cow
 Tundale schewyd his fett that thei wer sore
 And seyð lord Y may goo no more
 Then seyð the angell that hym ladde
 Thynke how sore thi feett bledde
 Therfor dredfull is thi way
 And full grevous soght to say
 Then towchyd he the feet of Tundale
 And as tyd was he all hale
 700 Then seyð Tundale ablessyd be thou
 That Y am delyuered from peyn now
 A grette peyn abydys hus yette
 And that thow schalt sone y-wytte
 Fro that sted woll Y the not save
 That is full and more woll have
 And thyder now to wend behouyth the
 Ageynes that may thou not bee
 Tundale went forght as the boke says
 Throw wyldernys and darke ways
 710 He saw an hows hym ayayn
 Was more than any montayn
 As a novon that hows was mad
 But the mowthe therof was wyd and brad
 Owt of the mowthe the fure brast
 And fowle styngyng lye com owte fast
 The lye was bothe grett and thro
 And start a thowsand fote ther fro
 The sowlys with howton that brene to noght
 That wykyd gostys thyder had broght

- 720 When Tundale had sen that syght
He spake to that angell bryght
Now goo we to a delfull stedde
Yonder y-holde the yatys of dedde
Who schall delyuer me from that sore
Y wene to be ther for euer more
Then seyde the angell gud
Thou schalt be delyueryd from that styd
Gret myght he hathe of Goddis grace
That may delyuer me from that plas
- 730 Withynne yonde hows byhouyth the to wend
But yonde lye schall the not schend
When Tundale com that hows nere
He saw mony a fowle bocchere
Euyn in the mydward the fyre thei stond
And scharp tollys in her hond
Summe hade syculis knyuus and saws
Summe had twybyll brodax and nawges
Cultoris sythis kene wyt all
Spytyll forkys the sowlys to fall
- 740 Thei wer full lodly on to loke
Summe had swerdys and summe hokes
Summe gret axes in her hond
That semyd full scharpe bytond
Of that syght had he gret wonder
How thei smyton the sowlis in sonder
Summe stroke of the hed somme the thyes
Summe armis summe leggis be the kneys
Summe the bodyes in gobedys small
Yette keuered the sowlys to geder all
- 750 And euer thei smoton hom to gobettis ageyn
This thocht Tundale a full grette peyn

- Then seyð Tundale to the angell tho
Lord delyuer me from this woo
Y beseche yow that Y mey passe this care
For sweche a peyn saw Y neuer are
And all oder turmentis that ben schyll
Y woll suffur at yowre wyll
Then seyð the angell to Tundale thus
This peyn the thenke full hydous
760 But in this peyn byhouis the to be
And eke in more that schalt thou see
Of that peyn he thoght more aw
Then of all tho peynis that euer he saw
But sone ther after he saw thare
A peyn that he thoght mare
He saw an hydous hwond dwell
With inne that hows that was full fell
Of that hond grette drede he had
Tundale was neuer so adrad
770 Wen he had seyn that syght
He bysoght of that angell bryght
That he wold lett hym away steyll
That he com not in that fowle hell
But the angell wold not for no thyng
Grant hym his askyng
The wykyd gostys that wer within
Abowt hym com wyt gret dynne
With hor tollys and with her geyre
That he saw hom byfore beyre
780 Among hom thei tokyn Tundale
And hewyd hym in gobettis smale
He myght not dye for that peyn
For he was sone hole ageyn

- The most mayster of that hows hyght
Preston that was his name ryght
He saw and hard wyle he was thare
Gowlyng and gretynge and mykyll care
The lye that he saw withowton passe
Wastyd all that ther yn was
790 Ther was full delfull noyse and crye
And hongur for gloteyne
That all the sowlys that ther in wer
Myght not stanche the appetyt there
Tundale saw ther yn all soo
Men and wemen that were full woo
That peynud wer in her preuytys
And all to gnawyn bytwene hor kneys
He saw within that dongeon
Mony men of relygeon
800 That fowle wer of fowle venym
Bothe withowttyn and withyn
Strong venym on hem he saw
And on euery lym beton and gnaw
Tundale knewe summe ther full wyll
That worthy wer that peyn to fele
But he com sone owt of that peyn
He wist neuer how than was he fayn
Then stodde Tundale in a darke stede
That was callyd the cawdoron of drede
810 As he satte his syght was dym
He saw his angell byfor hym
He seyde to the angell alas
Wher his the word that wryton was
That Goddys mercy schuld passe all thyng
Here see Y ther of no thyng

[*Misericordia domini plena est terra
etc.*]

- Then answeyrd the angyll and seyð anon
 That word dothe save mony a mon
 All thauff God be full of myght and mercy
 820 Ryghtwessnes behowyth hym to doo ther by
 But he for yevyth more wykkydnes
 Thenne he fyndeth ryghtwesnes
 Tho peynys that thou haddys wer but light
 Gretter thou schuldyst have tholud with ryght
 Tundal than began to knele
 And thonked God he schappud so wele
 Then seyð the angell to Tundale
 Wher to schuld any mon yeff tale
 Yff God schuld ay forgeffe hym sone
 830 All the synnis that he had done
 Withowttyn any peyn to fele
 Thenne nedyd a mon neuer do wele
 But thei that ar wykyd and synfull kyð
 And no penans in body dyd
 God takyth on hem no venians
 Yf thei hadon any repentans
 Throw his mercy ar thei save
 But yette the sowle som peyn schalt have
 Often tymis from mony a wyght
 840 Guddus that han to hom be dyght
 Fro hym God hom hathe y-take
 And dothe here his peynis slake
 For in sted of peyn is worldus catell
 Yf that a mon thonke God of all yll
 So schall ther sowlys have lasse peyn
 Wen dethe to grond hathe hom slayn

And the seyner from all peyn wende
To the blysse with owttten ende
But in the world is non Y wene
850 Be he of synne neuer so clene
Noght a chyld for sothe to say
That was boron and deed to day
Have peyn and drede he schall ryght well
Thaw he schull not hom sore fele
To loue more God he woll be fayn
That soo may schape suche payn
As the mon that dampnyd is
To hell for his wykkydnes
He schall suche ioy in hevyn y-see
860 That more ioy myght neuer bee
That schall greve hym more the syght
The all the peyn that in hell is dyght
When he may see that grette blysse
That he schall for euer mysse
But the prest that tho palmer was
That thou saw ouer the brygge pas
He saw all the peynis stronge
But non of hem was he among
For he lovede God Almyghty ay
870 And servyd hym well to his pay
Goddys ioy may he not mysse
For he hathe a trone of blysse
When the angell had thys told
To make Tundale the more bold
The angell had hym yett furder mare
Tundale folowyd with myckyll care
A wonder hydous best thei saw
Of whom Tundale had grett aw

- That best was bothe felle and kene
 880 And more than he had euer y-sene
 Two grett wyngys that were blacke
 Stod on eyder syde on his backe
 Two fett wyth naylys of yron and stell
 He had that weron full scharpe to fell
 He had a long nekke and a smalle
 But the hed was gret with all
 The eyn were brode in his hed
 And all wer brannand as fyr red
 His mowthe was wyd and syde lyppud
 890 Hys snowt was with yron typpud
 Fyr that myght neuer slakyd bee
 Owt of is mowthe com gret plentye
 That best sat evyn in myd ward
 A lake that was froson full hard
 That lake was full of gret yse
 Ther had sowlys full gret angwysse
 That best was bothe fell and gredy
 And swollod tho sowlys that wer redy
 And when the sowlys were ther yn
 900 Ther wer thei peynod for her syn
 In strong fyr ther brand thei ay
 Too thei wer ner wastud away
 And than y-cast fro that peyn
 Tyll thei wer covert ayayn
 Then wax thei blacke and bloo
 For sorow and care and muche woo
 As wemen doght bothe meke and mylde
 When thei ben in beryng of chylde
 Thei playnod hem and seydon alas
 910 Hard wer hor peynis for hor trespas

- For strong bytyng thei had with yn
With wood edderys and oder venym
That was with ynne hem gnawying ay
As thei among snakys lay
When thei her tymys myght know and see
Thei made hem sorow then gaynyd no glee
They made suche dylle sothe to telle
That noyse of hem fell neght to hell
So dylfull a noyse was neuer hard
920 Of men and wemen so thei fard
But her tyme behouys hem to kepe
When the edders schulld owt of hem crepe
Noght only throw prevy place
But throw ylke a lym maketh her trace
Throw hed and feyt backe and syde
Throw armis and leggys thei con glyde
Throw wombe and brest thei wer crepand
And throw ylk a ioynt that thei fand
Their crepud owt all attonis
930 Thei sparud neyder flesse nor bwonis
Tho eddres wer full gret and longe
With hedys of yron that wer full stronge
Thei had mowthys of fyr glowand
And glowand tongis owt schetand
Her naylys wer bothe gret and longe
All kene hokys wer ther honde
Whan the vermyn wold have owt crepon
At the holys that they made opon
Thei myght not wyn owt hor taylys
940 Soo fast hyldon the crokyd naylys
Thei turnyd her hedys in agayne thare
Throw ylke a ioynt thei madon full bare

Thei fretud hom within and hem gnew
 And all her bowell they owt drew
 Thei smyton her heddis owt and yn
 Her taylys thei myght not owt wyn
 When tho hokys thay hom ayeyn stytt
 Thei turnedyn ayeyn and toke ther bytt
 Fro hed to fotte ay was gnawying
 950 Scrattyng fretyng fleyng and styngying
 To hevon the noyse myght have ben hard
 So hydously thei crydon and fowle fard
 The sowlis thei crydon for grett angwis
 And pleyndon gretly ther folys
 Thei wer not lyveryt of hor payn
 For hit was newed ay ayayn
 Tundale seyde to the angyll bryght
 Lord this is a dredfull syght
 Me thynkyght this peyn well more
 960 Then all tho peyn that Y saw be fore
 Then onsweryd the angell ayeyn
 And seyde Tundale this peyn
 Ys ordeynyd for men of relygyon
 That kepud not well hor professyon
 For monkus channons prestis and clerks
 And for oder men and wemen of holy kyrke
 That delytis hor bodys yn lechery
 Or in any oder maner of foly
 And dothe not as ther order wyll
 970 But ledus hor lyffe after ther wyll
 Jwves schull have the same euer mor
 Yf thei amend hom not or thei goo befor
 And for thei same thow hast bene
 This schalt thou thole that thou hast sene

- When the angyll had seyde this
The fendys that wer full hydeous
Within the best Tundale thei ladde
And ther was he within full hard bestad
Ther in was he peynyde full long
980 Brennyng in fyr that was full strong
Seththyn the best hym owt kest
Then was he swollon as he wold brest
All full of edders than he was
And non of hem myght from oder passe
But wen he schuld delyuered be
Then he myght the angyll y-see
With mylde chere befor hym dyd stond
He towched Tundale with hys hond
And delyuered hym of that bale
990 Then seyde the angyll to Tundale
Com furder more and folow me
For more peyn byhouyth the to se
Forder more thei went than
But Tundale thoght hit no gam
Thei com in to a wey full derke
Of that way was Tundale yrke
For ther was no more lyght
But that at come of the angyll bryght
That way was strayt and longlastand
1000 And worst of all that Tundale fand
Afrontte vnnethe thei myght passe
So narow of steppis don that was
As thei had come from a hye hyll
Don in to a deppe dongyll
The more that Tundale folowyd ay
The lenger hym thoght was that way

- Tundale feld a stynkyng ayr
 Then of his lyffe he was in speyr
 Then he sykud and wept full sore
 1010 And seyð to the angyll thore
 Lord wyder schall this way wend
 Me thenkyth this way hasse non ende
 Then onsward the angyll fre
 And seyð Y wyll telle the
 How this way lythe and in to what sted
 This is the way that lyght to the dedde
 Then seyð Tundale how may this be
 In boke we may wryton y-see
 That the way that schall to the deythe lede
 1020 Ys bothe large and mykyll of brede
 (*Lata est bía que ducit ad mortem*)
 This is now a narow way
 That thou vs ledust and narow coasay
 Then seyð the angyll wyll Y wate
 That the boke spekys not of this gate
 But of the way of vnelannes
 Of fleschely lust that dedly is
 Be that way men lyghtly wende
 To the dethe withowttyn ende
 1030 Then went thei forghthe and furer more
 By that darke way that they in wore
 They com to a depe dongyll
 Of that syght lykyd hym full yll
 That dongyll full of smythes stood
 And smythis abowtte hom yode
 With grett homeris in hor hond
 And gret tongis hoothe glowand

- Thys smythys were grymly on to loke
Owt of hor mowthis com grett smoke
1040 These smythys wer full of sowlis with in
That wepton and madyn grett dyn
In grett fyres thei con hom cast
And sethen with homeris leydon on fast
The master of that smythy was bold
Vlkane was is name hold
Lo yond quod the angyll with is gyn
Hathe made mony a mon do syn
Wherfor with hym after thare dede
Thei schull by peynod with hym in this stede
1050 Then asked Tundale lord fre
Schall Y among yond fendys be
As oder that han servyd well
So grett peynis for to fell
Then seyde the angyll sone
Tundale he seyde thou hast so done
That the behouyth to thole this turment
And then to the smythy he went
The turmentowris com rennand
With furgons and with tongis glowand
1060 Betwene hom hent thei Tundale thar
And laddyn hym to mucche care
Tundale had thei with hom than
And leyt the angyll stonde alan
In to that smythy thei hym cast
In myddys the fyr at that best cast
With gret balyws at hym thei blew
As hit wer as yron y-multon new
Tundale bygan to brenne yche lym
But thowsandis thei brende with hym

- 1070 Sum of hom thei madyn nesche
As is the water that is fresche
Sum wer molton as molton ledde
Sum as yron glowyng redde
Thei cast attonis full smartly
A thowsand sowlys full petevsly
With yron homoris thei stode
And leyd on hem as thei wer wode
A thowsand sowlys togoder thei dong
In a pott full wonderly long
- 1080 As men schull tempore yron and stell
And that was a grysly peyn to fele
That turment most thei long dre
But yett myght thei not fully dye
These turmentowrys wer fowle and blake
Ylke on to oder in cownsell spake
What peynis thei myght the sowlys wyrke
Of wykkyd labovris thei wer not yrke
This peyn dud hom more peyn
Thei smyton hom all in sondor ayeyn
- 1090 Oder smythis wer ther that tyde
Of a nothur smythy ther besyde
Thei seyd habbuth zowr wel here yowr pay
Kest ye hom hydour lett vs a say
Thei lepedon and roredyn and criedon fast
And bad tho sowlys to hom kast
And so thei dedyn with greyt talent
And non boldly thei con hom hent
With hokys and tongis hootte glowand
That thei hyldon in hor hand
- 1100 Hom thoght thei wer not smythyd y-noght
Vp and don the deueles hom droghe

- And in strong fyr thei brendon him ay
 Tyll thei wer nye brand away
 But sone then after was Tundale
 Delyuered owt of that greyt bale
 Ayeyns that grysly smythys wylle
 But all tho toder sowlys lafton styлле
 When Tundale com owt of that payn
 He was sone keuered ayeyn
 1110 Sone the angyllys voys he hard
 The angyll asked hym how he fard
 Tundale he seyde now may thou see
 Wer of thi synnis seruyd the
 The byhowyt to have a gret angwys
 For thi delytes and thi folys
 These that thou art delyuered froo
 Wer ordeynyd the peyn for to doo
 For why that same company
 Folyddyn the in foly
 1120 For with that same company
 Folyddyn the yn thi foly
 Tundale stod and cowthe noght say
 For his wytte was ner away
 Then seyde the angyll as he stood
 Looke thou be of comford gud
 Yff all that thou have had tene
 * In sum peyn that thou hast sene
 Gretter peynis yett schalt thou see
 Her after that abydu the
 1130 For hem schalt thou schap full well
 But the byhouyth sum to fell
 Thou schalt see or we wende
 Sowlys in peyn with owttyn ende

- Hor mysdedys hom dampnyd has
 Ther for her song is ay alas
 But oder that soghton Goddys mercy
 Passon that peyn well syourly
 When the angyll had this sayd
 His hond vpon Tundale he layd
 1140 Then was he hoole and feld no soor
 Yett went they furthe further more
 As the angyll and he went in company
 Ther com a cold all sodenly
 Suche a cold Tundale feld
 That his lymes myght hym not weld
 He was ner froson to dedde
 Strong darkenes was in that stedde
 Then was Tundale full ferd
 For more peyn neuer he hade
 1150 For drede of peyn full sore he qvooke
 Hym thoght his hedde all to schoke
 All his peyn byforyn hym thoght
 So mucche as that greuyd hym noght
 Then he spake to tho angyll sone
 And seyde lord what have Y done
 Y am so combret fott and hond
 That Y may not vpryght stond
 Then the angyll hym not onsweryd
 Then wept Tundale and was ferd
 1160 He myght not steron lythe nor lym
 The angyll went away from hym
 When he myght not the angyll see
 Dele he made that was pyte
 He went forthe ay further mare
 To helle the way lay evyn thare

- A deelfull crye he hard sone
Of sowlys that wer in peyn don
That dampnyd wer in peyn endles
For hor synne and hor wykkydnes
1170 He hard a strong noyse of thonder
To here that dyn hit was grett wonder
Noo hart myght thenke nor no tong telle
How hydous was the noyse of helle
Then was that sowle in grett dowtte
He lokyd in euery syde abowtte.
Euer when come that hydous dyn
He lokyd to have be takyn yn
Butt he saw hym besyde
A deppe putt muckyll and wyde
1180 Owt of that pyt he saw comand
A grett flam of fyr all stynkand
Suche a stynke com of that hole
That he myght not long hit thole
Owt of that dyke ther ros evon
A pylar that ner raght to hevon
All brannand that pylar was
With lye abowtte as a compas
He saw fendys and sowlys flye
On that pylar bothe low and hye
1190 Thei flow ay vp and don fast
As sparkelys of fyr thoro wyndis blast
And when the sowlys wer brent to askys all
In myddys the dyke they con falle
They keuerdyn that and wer broyght ayayn
On this wyse was euer newyd hor payn
Tundale had leuer than all myddel erd
Had ben ayeyn soo was he ferd

- But ayeyn myght he not goo
 Ne styr hys lymis to nor froo
 1200 As he was clofyd styll he stod
 He was so ferd he was ney wod
 With hym selffe he began to stryve
 And his owne chekys all to ryvy
 He grendde he gowlyd hym was full woo
 For he myght not ayeyn goo
 Alas he seyde what is tho best red
 For now Y wot Y am but dedde
 Tho wykdyd gostys as thei flow
 Abowt the peler in that low
 1210 Thei hardon that gowlyng and that crye
 Thei come to hym full hastyly
 Brennand hokys with hom thei broght
 To turment sowlys wer thei wroght
 Thei gretton hym that sowle that meyne
 Kaytyf wealand myght thou bene
 Thou metust well with vs at home
 Tell vs now fro wennis thou come
 For thi wykkydnes and thi folly
 In fyr to brenne art thou worthy
 1220 For thou come in noo peyn yett to fele
 Here in hell fyr we woll the kele
 For now with vs schalt thou wende
 And dwell in hell with owtyn ende
 Of owre maneres we schull the kenne
 Withowt kelyng schalt thou brenne
 Euer more to drenne in fyr reed
 For thou schalt neuer passe this steed
 The tharre not thynke on no wysse
 Too be delyuered of this angwysse

- 1230 In darknes schalt thou euer bee
For lyghtness schalt thou neuer see
Trust thou not helpe to have
For noo mercy schall the save
Wrechyd gost we schull the lede
To hell gatys for thi mysdede
For in thi lyffe thou bare the ylle
And wroghttust all ayeyn Goddis wyll
Wher for we wyll the with vs bere
Too Satanas owre mastere
- 1240 That lythe depe in tho pytt of helle
And with him schalt thou ther dwelle
He gaffe the full evyll reyd
That broght the hedder to this steyd
Ouer late to com woll hym falle
To delyuer the from vs alle
But now sykyr may thou bee
That thou schalt neuer more hym see
The wykkyd gostis to gedyr spake
And seyde this sowle wolle we take
- 1250 To Satanas cast we hym that grymly gwonis
He schalle hym swolow all attoonis
They brawneschedyn hym and manast fast
To Sathanas that sowle to cast
Ther he lay depe in helle pytte
Thydour they saydon they wold hym flytte
A hydous noyse the fendys made
Hor eyn wer brannand and brade
As brennand lampis glowand they war
Full grymly con they on hym stare
- 1260 Hor teyt wer blacke scharpe and long
With tuskus bothe grett and strong

- Her bodyus wer lyke dragonys
 Hor tayles wer lyke schorpyonys.
 They had naylys on her knocus
 That wer lyke ankyr hokys
 As they wer made all of stelle
 Thei poyntys wer full scharpe to fele
 They had wyngis long aud brade
 As backe wyngis wer thei made
 1270 Wheder they wold low or hye
 With hor wyngis myght they flye
 They grennyd on hym and bleryd here yye
 That wonder hyt was that he dyd not dye
 Then com the angyll that hym ladde
 Tho fendys than fast away fledde
 Tundale he seyde thou wer full radde
 Now may thou make ioy and be glad
 Thow was the sone of peyn full ryght
 And now thou art the sone of lyght
 1280 For now forward syour thou bee
 Goddis marcy schall helpe the
 God hathe the grantyd thou mayst be feyn
 That thou schalt fele noo more payn
 But Y woll well that thou wette
 Moo paynys schalt thou see yette
 Com foryt with me smertly
 Y schall the schew thi most enmy
 To monkynd that euer was
 That tysus almen to trespas
 1290 A lytull funder more they yode
 And sone at hell gatys thei stode
 Ther Tundale saw a greyt pytte
 That all this world myght not hit dytte

Com hydour quod the angyll bryght
Thou schalt here see an hydous syght
Stond ner this pytte and loke adoun
Thou schalt see here an hydous demoun
That pytte is ay darke as nyght
And euer schall be withowttyn lyght
1300 Bothe fendys and sowlys that ther in is
Thou schalt see bothe more and lesse
And Satanas that lythe bound in helle grond
Thou schalt hym see in a lytull stond
But they schall soo y-wrekyd bee
That non of hem schall see the
Tundale than to the pytte wentt
Throw the angyll commandmentte
He lokyd don with grett aw
Sathanas at the grond he saw
1310 So vgly was that loghtly wyght
Neuer ar was seyn so hydous a syght
And so orybly he fard
And such dull he saw ther and hard
That yeffe a mon had varely
An hundryd hedys on won body
And as mony mowthys with all
As yche hed schuld falle
And yche a mowthe abone the chyn
Had an hundryd tongys with yn
1320 And ylke a tong cowthe all the wytte
That all men have that lyuythe yette
All wer not ynow to tell
The peyn that he saw in the pytte of hell
But Tundale toke full gud kepe
On Satanas that lay soo depe

- And avysede hym of that syght
 On what maner he myght dyscryvyn hit aryght
 He cowthe not wetton he was so grym
 In what maner he myght dyscryvyn hym
 1330 Hym thoght he was as grett to know
 As any best that euer he saw
 His body was bothe brood and thykke
 And as blakke as euer was pykke
 So blakk was non as hym semyd than
 Hym thoght he had the schappe of a mon
 He was bothe grett and strong
 And of an hvndryt cubytes long
 Twenty cubytes was he brad
 And ten of thyknes was he mad
 1340 And when he gaput or went he gonis
 A thowsand sowlys he swoluwys attonis
 Byfor and be hynd hym was kende
 On his body a thowsand hande
 And on ylke a honde was ther seyn
 Twenty fyngrys with nayles keyn
 And ylke a fyngur semud than
 The leynthe of an hundryt sponne
 And ten sponne abowte of thyknes
 Ylke a fyngur was no les
 1350 Hys nayles semyd of yron strong
 Full scharpe they wer and full long
 Lengur than euer was spere of werre
 That armyd men wer wont to berre
 Mony teght he had that was so wondur
 With hom he gnew sowlys in sondur
 He had a mucche long snowt
 That was fullarge and brod abowt

- And hys mowthe was full wyde
With hongyng lyppis on eyther syde
1360 Hys tayle was greyt and of gret lenthe
And in his tayle was full gret strynthe
With scharpe hokys that in is tayle stykythe
The sowlys ther with sore he prekydthe
Apon a gredyron full hot glowand
That fowle fende was ay lyggand
Brennand colys lay ay vndur
But they wer dym and that was wondur
Mony fendys as gloand folus
With balys blowyng ay at tho colys
1370 So mony a sowle abowt hym flow
In myddys the fyr and in the low
That Tundale had full gret farly
How the world myght bryng forthe so mony
Satanas that is soo grym
Lay ther bondon yehe a lym
With yron cheynis gret and strong
On that gredyron that was so long
As Tundale thoght the cheynis was
Lappud abowt with walland bras
1380 And the sowlys that he hent
With hys hondes wer all to rent
He thrust hom in sonder as men dos
Crapbys thrastyng owt the wos
When he had grond hom alle
Into the fyr he lette hom falle
And yeyt they keuered all ayeyn
And euer putte to new peyn
Tundale hard and saw all soo
How Satanas gronod for woo

- 1390 For why that he was bond so fast
 At ylke a sykyng he con owt cast
 A thowsand sowlys from hym they flow
 Owt at his mowthe into the low
 They wer sone scateryd wyde
 Abowt hym ther on ylke a syde
 But that peyn was not ynow
 When he ayeyn_h his armis drow
 All the sowlys he cast owt
 That wer y-scateryd rond_h abowt
 1400 He swalowyd hom ayeyn ychon
 With smoke of pycche and of brymston
 The sowlys that passyd owt of hys hond
 Fellon in to the fyr_h and brand
 When thei ayeyn keueryd wor
 With his tayle he smot hom sore
 Thus peynynd he tho sowlys and dud hom woo
 And hym selfe was peynynd all soo
 The more peyn that he thare wrought
 To tho sowlys that thydur were brought
 1410 The more peyn his owne was
 And fro that peyn may he not passe
 The angyll seyde to Tundale
 Her may thou see mucche bale
 Satanas he seyde this vgly wyght
 That semyth soo mucche vnto thy syght
 He was the furst creature
 That God made after his fygure
 Fro hevon throw pryd he fell adon
 Hydour in to this depe donion
 1420 Here ys he bonde as thou may see
 And schall tyll domis day bee

- For yeffe they faylyd that hym schuld hold
 Heyvon and erthe trobull he wold
 Of tho that thou mayst see with hym
 Sum they ar of Adammes kyn
 And oder angells as Y the telle
 That owt of hevon with hym felle
 Ther ys neyder sowle ne fend
 But they ar dampnyd with owttyn ende
 1430 And mony mo hydour schulle come
 Or that hyt bee the day of dome
 That forsakyth Goddus law
 And hys warkys wyll not know
 Bothe lewyd men and clarkys
 And lowyth synne and cursyd warkys
 Thesse sowlys that thou hast here y-seyn
 In all the peynys they have beyn
 Now ar they cast on this manere
 To Satanas to thole peyn here
 1440 And who soo is broght to thys kare
 Schall dwelle ther in for euer mare
 [**Potentis tormenta paciuntur**]
 Men that ar of muche myght
 That don to pore men wrong and vnryght
 And woll algate fulfyller hor wyll
 Wheder hyt be gud or ylle
 And streyn the pore that ar lesse
 Thei aron prynces of wykydnes
 In strong turment schull thei bee
 1450 With fendys that have of hom poste
 Tundale seyde to the angyll sone
 Syr Goddis wylle behouys to be don
 But o thyng wolld Y faynd lere
 Why yeuyth not God suche power

- Too all they aron hold gud men
That throw ryght wollyn oder ken
As he dothe wykkyd men tylle
That euer more wykkydnes wyll fullefyll
The angyll seyde that sumtyme lettus
1460 The wykkydnes of suggettus
That wolde not be revlyd welle
Ther for gret peynys behouys hom to fele
And for hor tyme God wolde noght
That the gud men of this world wer broght
To ouer muche worldys guddis havyng
Lest here tyme of gudnes thei wold lesyng
Thes fowle kaytyf for all his myght
His not callyd prynse of ryght
But hys men mey hym calle
1470 Thyffe of markenes and pryncypalle
All theys peynis that thou hast sene
To reckyn hom all bedene
That ordeynyd ben for monnis mysse
Ar but lytyll to the regard of thys
Sartys quod Tundale ye say well
Y have more dred now as Y fele
Of this syght and more awe
Then of all the peyn that euer Y sawe
Ther for Y pray yow that ye me lede
1480 Fro this syght and fro thys drede
Sum felows have Y here y-see
That sumtyme with me preuey have bee
Now is hor wonnyng here full depe
Y cleyn forsake hor felyschepe
And to that had Y ben worthy
Ner that Ihesu on me had mercy

- To that same peyn schuld Y have goo
And dwellyd ther in for euer and oo
Thys worde the angyll hard that ther stood
1490 And spake to hym with myld mod
A blessyd sowle Y may the calle
For thou art passyd thy peynis all
And all the syghttis that the hue deyred
Ther of now thar the neuer be aferd
Thou hast now seyn in sorow and stryffe
Men that wer of wykyd lyffe
And now schalt thou see that blysse
That God hathe holy choson for hys
And ther for glad may thou be
1500 Cum now forthe and folow me

- Tundale dyd hys commandment
And with the angyll forthe he went
Sone wax hit bryght as the day
And the darkenes was sone away
And the drede that Tundale hadde
Was away than was he glad
Sone he thonkyd God of hys grace
And folowyd forthe the angylls trace
By that they hadon gon a lytull stonde
1510 They saw a walle was feyr and rounde
Full hye hit was as Tundale thoght
But sone within the angyll hym broght
Men and wemen saw he thare
That semud full of sorow and care
For they had bothe longer and thurst
And grett travell with owttyn rest

- Gret cold they hadon alsoo
 Thad dudde hom sorow and made hom woo
 Hem wantedyn clothys and foode
 1520 As downpe bestys nakyd they yode
 Her penanse was hard to see
 But lyght they had grett plente
 Thys folke quod the angyll aryn all save
 But penance yett behovys hom to have
 All leued they well in honeste
 Yette greuyd they God in sum parte
 Honestely and well wold they leve
 But ouer lytull gud wold they yeve
 Nowder to clothe nor to fede
 1530 The powre men that had gret nede
 Ther for wolle God sum tyme that they had
 peyn
 Thoro wykyd stormis of wynd and reyn
 And throw greyt hunger and thurst
 But after he woll that they com to rest
 The angyll wold noo more say
 But went forght fast vpon his way
 And Tundale folowd after fast
 They come to a yate at the last
 That yate was openyd hom ayeyn
 1540 And in they went Tundale was fayn
 A feld was ther of feyr flowrys
 And hewyd after all kyn colowrys
 Of hom com a swete smylle
 Swetter than any tong may telle
 That plase was soo clere and soo bryght
 That Tundale was joyfull of that syght
 Full clerly ther schon the sonne
 That well was hym that ther myght wonne

- Mony feyr treus in that place stood
1550 With all kynnis fruyt that was gud
Tundale hard ther ay amonge
Full swet noyse of sowlys song
Full mekyl folke ther was seen
That of all kynne syn wer mad clene
And delyuered owt of all kyn peyn
They wer joyfull and full feyn
In myddys that plase was a welle
The feyryst that any mon myght of telle
From that ran mony stremis sere
1560 Of water that was bothe feyre and clere
Tundale thoght ther ioy ynooghe
He spake to the angyll and looghe
Lord he seyde here is greyt solace
Leyt vs neuer wyndo from this place
The angyll seyde hit beys not soo
Furder more behouis hus to goo
The sowlys that thou syst here within
Han ben in peyn for hor syn
But they ar clansyd throw Goddis grace
1570 And dwellon here now in this place
But yett hennis may thei noght
To the blysse of hevon to be broght
Thawye they ben clansyn of all ylle
Here mot thei abydon Goddis wylle
The well that thou hast seyn here
With the water that spryngis so clere
Ys callyd be scylle the well of lyfe
The name of that welle is full ryfe
Who soo drynkyth of hit ryght weyll
1580 Hongur schall he neuer y-feyll

ij gaudium

- Ne thrust schall he neyuer mare
 But lykyng have with owttyn care
 Yeffe he wer old with owttyn peyn
 Hyt wold make hym yong ayeyn
 Yett forder more the angyll yede
 And Tundale folowyd with gud spede
 Sone then after as they went
 He beheld and toke gud tent
 Tyll a plas wer they schuld passe
 1590 Wer mony a lewde mon wasse
 Tundale hade seyn sum of hom are
 And knew full weyll what thei ware
 Among hom too kynggis saw hee
 That wer sum tyme of greyt poste
 Tho whyle they lewyd on bon and blod
 Bothe they wer men of truthe full gudd
 The ton of hom Cantaber hyght
 That toder was callyd Donatus ryght
 Then Tundale spake to the angyll free
 1600 Lord he seyde what may thys bee
 These too kynggis that Y see here
 They wer men of greyt powere
 They wer bothe stowt and kene
 In hom was lytull mercy aseene
 Aydur of hem hatyd odor
 As cursyd Caym and his brodur
 Sertus syr me thenkyth ferly
 How they myght be so worthyly
 To comen to this joyfull stedde
 1610 Me thynkyght they wer worthy to be dedde
 The angyll thoght hyt gret nede
 To bryng hym owt of that drede

And seyð thou schald wytte why
That God of hom hath marcy
Byfor hor deythe ther fylle suche schanse
That they had verey repentanse
For Cantaber when he felle seke
To God con he hys hart meke
He made a vow with delfull cry
1620 To yeld hym selfe to God all myghtty
And all hys lyffe in penans to bee
When he wore hole and had poste
Donatus was in a presoun strong
Bee for hys dethe ther was he long
All hys guddus gaffe he away
To pore men for hym to pray
In grett pouertte was he with stadde
And in preson hys lyffe he ladde
Yffe all they wer kynggys of mygtt
1630 Yette they dyodon in pouertte dyght
Ther for God wold not hom forsake
But to hys blysse he wold hom take
Of all hor synnis they con hom seryve
Ther for behouis hom to have marcy
Full mekyll joy saw Tundale thare
But yett went they bothe furder mare
They saw an halle was rychely dyght
Tundale saw neuer so feyr a syght
The wallys semyd gold of that hows
1640 Full well y-sett with stonis full precyovs
The rofe semyd of carbvnkyll ston
Dorris nor wyndows was ther non
But mony entrys and thei wer wyde
That stodon ay opon on every syde

- For all tho that wold in passe
 Was non lattyd that ther was
 Hyt semyd as bryght bothe far and ner
 As euer was sonne that schon here
 Large and round were the wowys
 1650 The flore was paved with precyous stonys
 The halle was with owtton post
 Hyt semyd an hows of gret cost
 Hyt schon with in and with owtte
 Tundale lokyd ouer all abowtte
 He saw a seyt rychely aparalyt
 Of red gold fynly ennamelyd
 Clothis of gold and sylke gret plente
 Saw he y-sprad upon that seytte
 He saw sytte on that seytt
 1660 Kyng Cornale that was full greytt
 Hys clothyng was of ryche hew
 Tundale full well that kyng knew
 Meche pepull to hym soughtt
 And ryche yefftus they hym broghtt
 Be for hym stodde they full gladde
 And mucche joy of hym thei made
 Tundale stood ner and toke gud kepe
 And by held that grett worchepe
 Tho men to kyng Cornale this dydde
 1670 That sumtyme was hys lord kydde
 For he was sum tyme with hym of meyne
 Ther fore farly of that syght had hee
 Prestis and deykenis come ther mony
 Befor hym a greyt company
 All revestyd as they schuld syng mas
 With ryche clothis of holynes

- That halle was seyttē with in and with owttē
With greytt rychesse all abowttē
With cowpys and chalys rychely dyghтт
1680 With sensowrys of selver and gold bryght
With basseynys of gold fayr and semely
And with tabyllys peyntyd rychely
Tundale thoght yeffe he had no mare
But that joy that he saw thare
He had of joy greytt plentte
So greyt murthe and joy ther saw hee
They knelyd befor that kyng also
Tho folke that comyn in to the halle
And seyde weyll is the on yche a syde
1690 And weyll the mott euer be tyde
For tho warkys of thi hondys free
We have now presentis herē to the
Then spake Tundale to the angyll bryght
For he was amerveld of that syght
And seyde of all tho that Y here see
Non hym servyd in lyke poste
Ther for grett farly have Y here
That they hym worscheppe on this manere
Then answerd the angyll curtesly
1700 And seyde to hym well wott Y
That of all tho that thou may see
Was neuer non of hys meyne
But sum wer pore pylgrymis kyd
Too whom of hys charyte he dyd
And were men of holy chyrche
To hold hom was he neuer yrke
Ther for wold God full of myght
That hyt be yold throw hor hondis ryght

- Syr quod Tundale hagt he no turment
1710 Sothen that he owt of the world went
Then answerd the angyll ayeyn
And seyde he had sufferyd mony a peyn
And in more turment schall he bee
Thou schalt abyde and the sothe y-see
Anon the hows wax darke as nyght
That before was clere and bryght
And all the men that ther in wer
They laft hor servyse and dyd no more
The kyng turnyd then from hys seyt
1720 He grende he gowlyd hys dill was gret
Tundale folowyd aftur sone
To witte wat schuld be with hym y-done
He saw mony men sytte kneland
With hor hondys vp to God prayand
And seyde gud Lord and thi wyll hyt bee
Have mercy on hym and pyte
Then saw he hym in gret bareyt
And in a fyr to the navylle y-seytt
And above from the navyll vpward
1730 Clothed with an yron scharpe and hard
This peyn quod the Angyll behouyth him to
have
Yche a day onys as God voche save
For why he kept hym not clene
Fro that tyme that he weddyd had bene
And also he breke hys othe
That he had made to wedlockes bothe
Yche day by ryght he schall bee
Sette vnto the navyll as thou myght see

- And for why that he commandyd to sloo
1740 An erle that he hatyd as his foo
That was slayn for hatered
Besyde Seynt Patrycke in that sted
Ther for he tholuth as thou wottis wele
This peyn that is full hard to fele
That grevys hym wher the knottis lyes
And dothe hym full grett angwys
Of all odor peyn is he qwytte
Save of these too as thou mayst wytte
Then seyde Tundale anon ryght thus
1750 How lonke schall he suffor thys
The angyll seyde ylke a day owrys three
This grett peyn sufferyn schall hee
And the space of won and twenty owrys
He schall have ioy and gret honowrys
And with that the angyll went furder more
To oder blyssys that was thore
Sone they saw thro syght of yye
A wall that was wonder hye
All of bryght syluer all to see
1760 But hit had no yatys nor entre
With in that wall they wer sone togeder
But he west not how they come thyder
Ther they fwond a full delyttabull place
That was full of murthe and solace
Tundale lokyd abowtte hym thanne
And saw mony a mon and woman
Synggand ay so muryly
And makand ioy and melody
Ther they honowryd God all weldand
1770 And pleydon and song to not cessand

- Blysse be to God of myghttis most
 Fader and son and holy gost
 Hor clothis wer pracyows and new
 As whytte as snow that euer dyd snaw
 They wer ioyfull and blythe ynogh
 And song and made myrthe and logh
 They louyd God in trynite
 Nott cessand of that solemnyte
 And ay as they wer syngand
 1780 Her vocys was euer to God acordant
 As melodyes of musyk clere
 That full delectabull was to here
 Ther was gret swetnes and lykyng
 And ioy and murthe with owttyn sesyng
 Honeste beawtte and clenness
 And helthe with owttyn sekenes
 They weron all off wylle free
 In parfyte loue and charyte
 The swette sauour that ther was
 1790 All the swetnes of eyrthe dud it passe
 This ioy quod the angyl bryght
 Hathe God ordeynyd for weddyd men ryght
 That leuon in cleyne maryage
 And keputhe hor bodys from owttirage
 And for hom that hor guddys gevyn
 Too the pore that in myscheff leuyn
 And for hom that techon dylygenly
 Hor sogettis to lovin God all myghty
 And chastyn hom after hor myght
 1800 When they don wrong and lyffe not ryght
 And for hom that holy chyrehe honowrys
 And mayntenyth hom and sockors

For thoo that don wylle schall at gret dom here
 The voys of God that woll say com neer
 My fader blessyd chyldyr free
 And receyve my kyndam with mee
 Ordeynyd and dyght for man
 Seythyn the tyme that the word began
 Tundale prayd with gud wylle
 1810 The angell that he myght dwell styлле
 The angell gaff hym noo onswer
 For he wold not doo his prayer
 Furder more yett then went thay
 With owttyn travayll or peyn her way
 And ylk on as they went abowte
 Come to Tundale and to hym dyd lowtte
 And haylsyd hym and callyd hym ryght
 By hys name as he hyght
 They made gret ioy at is metyng
 1820 For they wer fayn of his commyng
 And thonkyd God all myghtty
 That hym delyuered thoro hys mercy
 And seydon honour and lovyng myght bee
 To the Lord of blys and pyte
 That wold not the deythe off synfull men
 But that they turne and leve ayeyn
 And throw is mercy wold ordeyn
 Too delyuer this sowle from helle peyn
 And wold bryng hym thus gracyously
 1830 Among this holy company
 The angell and Tundale yett furder went
 And Tundale lokyd and toke gud tent
 They saw a walle as they schuld passe
 Well herre than that toder wasse

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- That wall semyd to Tundale syght
As hyt wer all of gold bryght
That was schynand and more clere
Than euer was gold in this world here
Tundale thocht more ioy of that walle
1840 To behold that bryght metalle
Then hym thocht of the solemnyte
And of the ioy that he had see
Within that wall come they sone
As they hadon erward done
Tundale beheld that place thare
So fayr a plas saw he neuer are
Ne he ne noo eyrthely mon
As that was that he saw anon
Ther in saw he as hym thocht
1850 Mony a trone all of gold wrought
And of pracyous stonis seer
That wer sette ther on dyuerse manere
With ryche clothis wer they keuered ychon
So ryche was ther eyr neuer see he non
Holy men and wemen bothe
Saten in hom clad in ryche clothe
He saw aboutt hom in that tyde
Fayr honourmentys on yche a syde
All that he saw wer full bryght
1860 Tundale saw neuer suche a syght
Ne noo hert myght thynke of eyrthely man
Soo fayr a syghtte as saw he than
Tho greytt bryghtnes of Goddis face
Schon among hom in that place
That bryghtnes schon more cleer
Then euer schon any sonne here

- Allwey hyt was fayr and cleer
 And semyd as hyt had been gold wyr
 Crownis on her heddis they had ychon
 1870 Of gold with mony a prescyous ston
 Of grett vertu and dyvers colowrys
 They semyd all kyngys and emperowrys
 Soo feyr crownis as ther was seen
 In this world wer on kyng ne qwene
 Lectornes he saw befor hem stande
 Of gold and bokys on hem lyggande
 And all the lettornes that he saw thare
 Wer made of gold bothe lasse and mare
 They song all ther with myld chere
 1880 Aleluya with vocys soo clere
 Hym thought they song so swete and clene
 Hyt passed all the joyes that he had seen
 And soo mykyll joy had he of that
 That all oder joyes he forgatte
 These men quod the angell bryght
 Ar holy men that God lovyd ryght
 That for Goddis love wer buxvm
 In eyrthe to thole martyrdvm
 And that waschyd hor stolys in the blod
 1890 Of the lombe wyt myld mod
 And had laft the world all holely
 For to sarve God all myghty
 And to kepe her boddys ay fre
 Fro lechery to chastyte
 And they louyd soburnes ay
 And wold not lye but sothe to say
 Therfor they ar to God full dere
 As hys darlyngys thei bee thus here

- Among all that joy and solas
1900 Tundale lokyd and saw a plas
Full of pavelons schynand
Soo fayr wer neuer non seyn in land
They wer keveryd with purpull and grys
That wer full ryche and grett of pryse
The walle was ouer sette and dyght
With besantes of gold and seluer bryght
And with all oder ryches hit was ouer went
That noo cyne myghtsee nehartmyght thynke
The cordys therof wer bryght and new
1910 They were of sylke and of rych hew
They were all with syluer twynvd
And freyt with gold that bryght scheynod
And tho cordys wer instrumentis seer
Of musykys that hadon swette sond and clere
Orgons symbals and tympanys
And harpis that ronge all at onys
They yeve a full delectabull sond
Bothe trebull and meyne and burdown
And oder instrumentis full mony
1920 That madon a full swette melody
All maner of musyk was ther hard thanne
Soo muche in eyrthe hard neuer no manne
Not by an hondrythe thowsand part
As this was to any monnis regarde
Within the ryche pavelons whyte schynande
Ay mekyll folke were syngande
Full swetly with a mery stevon
With all maner of inusyk acordant eyvon
So muche murthe as they made within
1930 No wordlyche wytte may ymagyn

Tundale thoght that all the blys
 That euer he had seyn was not to thys
 Then spake the angyll with myld chere
 Vnto that sowle on thys manere
 These folke he seyde that murthe makyth thus
 They wer gud relygyous
 As freris monkys nonnis and channonis
 That welle heldon hor proffessyounis
 The wyche to God wer beysy ay
 1940 Too serve hym bothe nyght and dey
 Bothe blythelyche and with gud wyll
 Hys commandementys to fullfyll
 And louyd ay God in hor lyfe here
 And to hym euer obeydyand were
 And putte hom with clene conseyons
 Vnder the rewle of obeedyons
 And to chast lyfe hom toke
 And all hor fleschely wyll forsoke
 Thei hyldon sylens with owttton jangelyng
 1950 And best louyd God ouer all thyng
 Syr seyde Tundale Y pray thee
 Let hus goo nerre that Y may see
 The swete semland and feyr chere
 Of the mury songis soo schyll and clere
 Then seyde the angell so feyr and bryght
 Here of thou schalt have a sight
 Of hem as thou hast mee besoghtte
 Butt entre to hom getust thou noght
 The syghtt he seyde of the trynnye
 1960 Schall not be schewyd vnto the
 Thou schalt be vnknowyn of that syght
 But this Y wolde the schewe that Y have hyght

- So all they in world here
 That have bee borne and chyldrun were
 That throw Godis grace have ben gud in levyng
 Ar now ordeynyd suche lykyng
 That here they schulle dwell euer for sothe
 With all halows and with angells bothe
 That in hor lyffe ay chast have bene
 1970 And levyd wylle as vergynes clene
 Thei schall euer thus ioyfull bee
 For they seen euer God in hys see
 They went then forthe and forder more
 By a fayr way that they in wore
 Full greyt plente then saw thay
 Of men and wemmen by that way
 That semyd all as angells bryght
 Soo feyr they semyd to her syght
 Ther was soo swete savour and smyll
 1980 That noo hart myght thenke ne tong telle
 And swete voyse and melody
 Was among that company
 That made Tundale foryette clene
 All oder joyes that he had seyn
 For all maner instrumentys seer
 Of musyk that wer and clere
 Gaffe ther sown and wer ryngand
 With owttyn towchyng of monnis hand
 And the vocys of spyrytis thare
 1990 Passyd all joyes that ther ware
 And made joy and wer gladde
 And non of hom travell hadde
 Hor lyppis wer not mevand
 Ne made no contynanse with hand

- The instrumentys rong ther full schryll
 And noo travaylle was don ther tyll
 All maner of sownd was ther in
 That hart myght thynke or ymagyn
 Fro tho fymament above hor hedde
 2000 Com mony bryght beymis into that sted
 For the wyche thyng schynis of dyuers fold
 Schynand full bryght of fyn gold
 They hongyd full thyeke on ylke a party
 And annamelyd wonder rychely
 All wer they joynyd and fastenyd ryght
 In yardys of seluer full gayly dyght
 That hongud vp full hye in the eyre
 Ther was noo eyrthely lyght neuer soo feyr
 Among them hong greyt plente
 2010 Of ryche jowellys and of greyt beawtte
 Fyollys and cowpis of greyt prysse
 Symbals of syluer and flowredelyce
 With bellys of gold that mery rong
 And angellys flewyn ay among
 With whyngis of gold schynand bryght
 Noo eyrthely mon saw euer seche syght
 As the angels that flewyn in the eyre
 Among the beymis that wer soo feyre
 Ther was suche joy melody and ryngyng
 2020 And suche murthe and such syngyng
 And suche a syghtt of rychesse
 That all thys world myght hit not gesse
 Nor all the wyttis that euer wer sey
 Cowthe hyt neuer halfe dyscry
 Tundale euer grett delyte had
 Of that myrthe and joy that was soo glad

- That he wold neuer have gon away
 But ther have y-dwellyd for euer and ay
 Then spake the angell with myld mod
 2030 Vnto Tundale ther he stode
 Cum now he seyde hedur to mee
 Anon he come and saw a tree
 That wonderly mykyll was and hye
 Suche on saw he never with yye
 Grett and hye that tre was
 And brode and round all of compas
 Chargytt on yche a syde full evon
 With all kyn frytte that mon myght nemon
 That full delycious was to fele
 2040 With all kyn fruyt that savoryd wele
 Of dyuerse kynd and seer hew
 Sum wyte sum reede sum yolow sum blew
 And all maner erbys of vartu
 And of euery spyce of valew
 That feyr was and swette smylland
 Growyd ther and wer floryschand
 Mony fowlys of dyuerse colowrys
 Seyt among tho fruyt and the flowrys
 On the branchus syngant so meryly
 2050 And madon dyuerse melody
 Ylke on of hom on hys best manere
 That song was joyfull for to here
 Tundale lystenyd fast and logh
 And thoght that was joy ynoght
 He saw vndur that ylke tree
 Wonnand in cellys gret plente
 Of men and women schynand bryght
 As gold with all ryches dyght

- He loued God with gret talent
 2060 Of the gyftus that hym he had sent
 Ychon had on hys hed a crowne
 Off gold that was of semyly faschyoun
 All sett abowtte on seyr wyse
 With pracyous stonis of full gret prise
 And septuris in ther hand they had
 With gold they wer full rychely clad
 With bryght clothis of ryche hew
 As they wer kyngys crownyd new
 So rychely as they wer dyght
 2070 Was neuer eyrthely mon of myght
 Than spake the angell as swythe
 To Tundale that was bothe glad and blythe
 And seyde thys tree that thou myght see
 To all holy chyrche may lykkynynd bee
 And tho folke that thou seyste here dwelle
 Vnder tho tree in her scelle
 Tho ar men that throw devocyon
 Made howssus of relygyon
 And susteynyd well Goddis servyse
 2080 And foundyd chyrchys and chantryse
 And mayntened the state of clargy
 And feffud holy chyrche rychely
 Bothe in londys and in rentys
 With feyr and worchepfull honowrmentys
 As they that the world forsoke
 And to clene relygyon hom toke
 Therfor they ar as thou myght see
 All reynyng in won fraternyte
 And ay schull have rest and pes
 2090 And joy and blys that neuer schall ses

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- Noo lenger ther they stooode
 But furder more yet thei yood
 They saw a noder feyr wall stand
 Of greyt heyght full bryght schynand
 Thaffe that toder wer feyr ther they had ben
 But non so feyr as that was seen
 Tundale beehyld hyt and abadde
 And avysud hym wharof hyt was made
 Hee saw this wall as hym thoght
 2100 All of pracyous stonis wrought
 Hyt semyd that the stonis brand
 So wer they of red gold schynand
 The stonis wer full whyte and clere
 What stonis they wor ye schall here
 Crystall that was whyte and clere
 Berell cresolyte and saphere
 Emeraudis dyamondis that men desyres
 Jacyntus smaragdynes and rubyes
 Emastyce and charbokull all soo
 2110 Omacles and tapaces and oher moo
 Strong stonis of deuerse hew
 Suche saw he neuer ne knew
 Then spake the angell soo feyr and free
 Tundale he seyde cum vp and see
 They clombon bothe vp on that wall
 And lokyd down and seyn ouer all
 The greyt joy that they saw thare
 Semyd a thowsand fold mare
 Then all the joy that they had seyn
 2120 Ther as they be foor had beyn
 For noo wytte myght tell of monis mowthe
 Thaffe he all the wytte of the world cowthe

- Ne hart myght thynke ne eyre y-herø
 Ne ee see wer hee neuer soo clere
 The joy that ther was and the blysse
 That God had ordeynyd for all hysse
 They saw ther as the story doghthe tell
 The nyne ordyrs of angell
 They schon as bryght as the sonne
 2130 And holy spyrytis among hom wonne
 Prevey wordys they hard than
 That fallyth to be schewyd to no man.
 Then seyde the angell on this manere
 Tundale opon thy eyrys and here
 And that thou herust thou not for yete
 For in thi mynd loke thou hyt sette
 God that ys with owttyn ende
 Wolle turne to the and be thi frend
 Now see that here ys joy and blys
 2140 That they that here aron schull neuer mysse
 Ouer that yett saw they moore
 Among the angell that ther wore
 They seen the holy trynyte
 God syttyng in hys maieste
 They beheld fast hys swette face
 That schon so bryght ouer all that place
 All the angells that ther were
 Dud renne to be hold hys face soo clere
 For the bryghtnes and the bewte
 2150 That they in hys face myght see
 Was seyvon sythis bryghtter to syght
 Then euer schon sonne that was soo lyght
 The whyche syght is foode to angell
 And lyffe to spyrytis that ther dwell

- In the styd wher they stode
 They saw all both evyll and gud
 All the joy and the peyn be neythen
 That they had be foron y-seyyen
 They saw all soo the world brad
 2160 And all the creaturys that God had mad
 Ther saw they the order here as wee wonne
 In a bryght bem of the sonne
 Ther may no thyng in thys world bee
 Soo sotyll nor so preve
 But that he may see a party
 That hath seyn God all myghtty
 Tho eene that have seen hym
 Mow neuer be made blynd nor dym
 Bot they had such power and myght
 2170 Ther they stodon on the walle bryght
 Thar they myght see at a syght clere
 All thyng that was bothe far and nere
 Alle that was be hynd hom at that tyde
 By for hom and on ylke a syde
 All at onys in that bryght place
 Was schewyd ther be for her face
 Off thyngys that Tundale had knowyng thare
 Hyt was myster to have noo mare
 He knew wat^{er} thyng that he wold
 2180 With owttyn any boke to be told
 As Tundale stod he saw com thanne
 Won that hyght Renodan
 That made joy and glad chere
 And grett hym on fayr manere
 And toke hym in hys armis louely
 And schewyd hym love and curtesy

And as they stod to gedur
Son blessyd be thi comyng hydur
For this tyme forward thou may have lykyng
2190 In the world to have gud endyng
Y was sumtyme thy patron free
Too whom thou schulldust borun bee
Thou art holdyn as thou wost welle
Too me namly on kneus to knele
And when he had seyde this wordys thare
Hee lafft hys speche and spake noo mare
Tundale loked with blythe chere
On ylke a syde bothe farre and nere
He saw seynt Patryk of Yrland
2200 Commyng in a bryght tyre schynand
And mony a byschop nobely dyght
Then had he grett joy of that syght
They wer full of joy and lykyng
With owttyn dele or any sykyng
Among that blessydfull company
He saw ther fowre byschopis namly
That he knew be syght of semland
Whan he was in the world dwelland
They wer gud men and lyued with right
2210 And won of hom Celestyen hyght
That was archebyschop of Armake
And mucche gud dedde for Goddis sake
And a noder hyght Malachye
That come aftur hym full gracyouslye
That pwope Celestyen of hys grace
Mad archebyschop of that place
In hys lyffe he gaffe with hart glad
Too pore men all that he had

- He mad colagys and chyrchys mony
2220 That nomburd wer to fowre and fowrty
Namely for men of relygyon
Too sarve God with devoeyon
He feffyd hem and y-noogh hem gaffe
All that was nedfull hom to hafe
Save that aght to hym selfe only
Hee laft hym noght to lyve by
The thrydde of hom that he knew than
Hyght Crystyne that was an holy man
That was sumtyme byschop of Lyon
2230 And lord of mony a possessyon
But hee was ay meke in hert
Symplyst of wyll and pouert
He was Malachynis owne brodur
Ayder of hom loved well oodur
The fowrte of hom that he ther knew
Hyght Neomon thot was full trew
And ryght wise whyle he levyd bodyly
That sumtyme was byschop of Clemy
And passud all the toder thre
2240 Off wytte and wysdam in his degre
Tundale saw be syde hom stand
A sege that was full bryght schynand
But hyt was voyde wen he saw hyt
For he saw non ther in sytte
He be held fast that sege soo bryght
And askyd for whom hyt was y-dyght
Then spak Malachye and seyde
Thys sege is ordeynyd and purveyd
For won of owre breder dere
2250 When he comthe schall sytton here

The whyche is yette in the world levand
Ay tyll he com hyt schall voyde stand
Tundale had delyte greytt
Of the syghtt of that fayr seytt
And as he stod joyfull and blythe
Then com the angell to hym full swythe
And spake to hym with blythe chere
Tundale he seyde how lykuth the here
Thou hast mony a feyre syght seyn
2260 In dyuerse places ther thou has beyn
That have Y lord he seyde and loogh
Y have seyn joy y-noogh
Dere lord Y pray the of thy grace
Leyt me not owt of thys place
For Y wold neuer owt of this place wendo
But dwell here with owttyn ende
Thou spekyst quod the angell all in veyn
Thou schalt turne to the body a yeyn
That thou hast seyyn hold in thy thoght
2270 And that thou hard foryete hyt noght
When he had seyde on thys manere
Then wept Tundale and made sory chere
And seyde Lord what have Y done
That Y schall turne ayein so sone
To my body full of wrechydnes
And leyve all this joy that here is
The angell onswerd on thys manere
And seyde that ther may non dwelle here
But holy vyrgyns that have bene
2280 Chast and kept hor bodys clene
And for the love of God all myghty
Have forsake the world all helely

- And to God ar gevyn fro all ylle
 With all her thoghttys and all her wyll
 But suche a thoghtte and wyll was non in the
 When thou wast in thi nowne poste
 To God wold thou not the bowe
 Ne my conseyle wold thou not know
 To dwelle here art thou not worthy
 2290 But turne agayn to thy body
 And of fylthe make the clene
 And fro syn henforward thou the absteyne
 My helpe thou schalt have and my consell
 So that thou schalt not of hevyn fayll
 When the angell had seyde thys
 Tundale turnyd from all that blysse
 As hys sowle wox all hevyn
 And feld hyt chargyd with hys body
 He oponyd hys eene then and saw
 2300 And hys lymes to hym con draw
 And or he spake any thyng
 He lyfte vp a greyt sykyng
 They that hym saw and stodon by
 Wer astoneyd and had farly
 And tho that lovyd hym wer full fayn
 That he was turnyd to the lyfe ayeyn
 He dressyd hym up all sykande
 And weptt and made hevyn semlande
 And seyde thys with a grette crye
 2310 Lord Jhesu Cryst thy marce
 Worse than Y am quod he than
 Was neuer noon boron of womman
 But now wylys that Y have space
 Y wolle amend with help and grace

- Off God that for vs tholyd pyne
Y hoope he wolle not my sowle_tyne
He spake to hym selfe and seyde kaytyff
Why hast thou levyd so wyked lyff
Hy have ben he seyde a wyckyd man
2320 Full sore hym tenyd at hym selfe than
He bethoght hym of all the tyme
Of the greyt syghttis that he had seyn
Ther for hyt semyd be hys contynance
That for hys synne he had repentance
All had they ferly that by hym stode
That he soo well had turnyd hys mood
For that he was sumtyme soo fell
As ye be fore have hard me tell
Won of hom that stod hym next
2330 Askyd hym yf he wold have a preste
For to schryve hym of all the foly
And to hosull hym with Goddis body
Then answerd he a yeyn
Yee he seyde Y wold full feyn
That the prest come to me
To here my schryft in priuete
And to howsull me then wer Y saffe
Y pray yow do me a prest to haffe
And Goddis body that Y may take
2340 For all my synnis Y woll for sake
The prest come sone for he was soght
And Goddis body with hym he broght
When Tundale was schrevon and made redy
He receyvvd the ost full mekely
Then spake Tundale with hert free
Lord he seyde lovyd mot thou bee

- For thy marcy and thi gudnes
Passus all mennys wykkydnes
Thaffe hyt be muche and grevus soore
2350 Thy grace and thi marcy is meche more
Mony a mon and also wemmen
Wer geydoryd abowt hym then
He told hom wer he had y-ben
And wat he had hard and seyn
And wat he had feld was in his thoght
He held hit in mynde and for yeet hit noght
And he warnyd ylke aman that peyn wold
drede
Too amend hom here or that they yeede
He counseld hom to bee holy
2360 And bad hom leyve hor greyt foly
And turne hom to God all myghtty
Serving hym euer more devowtly
He prechyd the wordys of God thare
That neuer was prechyd among hem are
And hom that synfull wer he told
How thei schuld be with don as Godis wyll
wold
And comfordud gud men that wer clene
Throw the joy that he had seyn
And whyles he levyd synnis he fledde
2370 And all hys lyffe in holynes ledde
He made to the world noo countynance
But he leuyd euer in peynanse
He gaffe all hys gud away
Too pore men for hym to pray
Noo worldys gud more wold he have
But levyd as long as God voched save

And at the last wen he schuld hennis passe
When that Goddis swete wyll was
The sowle departyt from the body
2380 And yood to God all myghty
In hevon euer more to dwell
Ther more joy is than tong may tell
Too that joy he hus bryng
That made hevyn eyrthe and all thyng
Ylkon of yow that have hard mee
2386 Seythe amen for charytee

Explicit Tundale quod Hyheg

**Be it trwe or be it fals
Dyt is as the coopy was**

Trentalle Sancti Gregorii.

SOME tyme in Rome a pope ther was
That hade a moder full fayr of face
And the beste I undirstonde
That was holden in Romes londe .
Of fastyng and of preyers as we rede
And of other almes dede
Tyl at the deuell that neuer can blyn
Had brocht hor in a preuey syn
Ho dorst noght telle no man
Ho was holden so god a womon
To mynser ne to frere Austyn
To caryne ne to Jacobyn
To no prest ne to clarke
Ho durst not schow hor yvel warke
Tyl sykenes told hor wonder sothe
That ho trowed to lyf no more
To the pope hor son ho sende
Hor to consell and to mende
To come to hor als be lyffe
Yf he wolde se hur on lyffe
Of this tythandis was he not blythe
Bot to his moder he wente swythe
And he askede hur of hur fare
Ho sayde ho was in mycull care

Wher fore ho hist no more to lyuen
Bot to hym ho wold be schrywen
Alas he sayde alas for syn
So fayre with owt and fole with in
Synfull I have byn mony a day
Son of consell I thou pray
Bot yf that I haue rede of the
I trow neuer saffe to be
Thre chylder I have borne
Foll preuely they byn for lorne
For I was holden so gud in londe
I slo hom all with my honde
Throogh combrous of the devel of helle
This syn for schame I durst neuer telle
Alas how scholl I saued be
My der son with out red of the
The pope answart wepyng sore
Godis mercy is welle more
My dere moder then thi synne
Yf thou be sory with in
I telle thee moder well secerly
God of thi sole wylle have mercy
Bot panans I wyll gyff the non
I se thi lyf will sone be gone
In helle or in purgatory with outon drede
Thi sole mot bye thi lyvies dede
Yelde the moder to God all myght
For the I pray both day and nyght
For hys mercy and hys pete
Pardon of syn he graunt to the
Bot god moder my dere dame
Yf thou may with outon blaine

Of Gode to tell mercy thou gene
I pray the in Godis name
When thou art dede in wele or wo
God moder do syght so

My swet son Y schall no slowthe
Lyt me ther from here my trowthe
Yf God voche safe I com agayne
To tell my state I wyll full fayne
Ho had unnethe thes wordis sayde
Bot ho yelde the gost in a brode
Sone to the gronde the con hor bere bryng
And beryd hor with outon lesyng
The goste com the thyrde nyght
To the pope a rufull wyght
As blake hym thocht as any pyche
With burnand fyre he se neuer syche
The chambur glyssnet all abowte
Therof the pope had grete dowte
And of the gret stynte all so
That made hym for to wake tho
Ther he hade an yvell fyte
That hade negh lost hys wytt
Bot at the laste vp he breyde
And rufully this wordis he sayde
Benedicite in Godis name
Wo is the ho says the dame
Of that askyng the gost was glade
The Pope for ferde was nere made
Alas he sayde how art y-stade
I am comun so as thou me badde
For my socor and my prowte
To helpe me of my vowe

My dere sone for charite
Helpe me as thou hattest me
Ther is no tonge that may telle
Peynes I soffur they byn so fell
This hundryth yere I have hem borne
Bot I haue helpe I am fore lorne
He answart with sory harte
Me rewes moder of thy smarte
Yf ther be oght that helpe thou may
Tell me moder I thou pray
The sole sayd with sore sykyng
Wo so dose hyt in hys lyff day
Well is hym he may say
That euer yitt was borne
For pynes thar hym dred non forne
Of purgatory no of helle
Whech peynes byn I lyke full ill
The ton have ende that other is bowte
Wyll is hym is hom with out
Thre masses of Crystes natiuite
And thre of epyphanys
And thre of the poryfycacyon
And thre of the annunciacion
And thre of the resureccion
And thre of the ascencion
And of the Holy Gost thre schall be
And other thre of the trinite
And of our laydis assumpcion thre
And als mony of here natiuite
And all this massus I the pryae
With jus hor btas thou hem say
And yitt wele more thou hase to do

Placebo and dirige thou say ther to
Also I pray the my dere son
That thou say this oresson
God that made all and som
And yeld thi selfe fore onr rannson
Thou wold be borne be fore all other
In the londe of be hest to be our brother
And as thou suffert deth for us
Delyuer this solue thou swete Jesus
Out of the fendes hondis felle
Graunt hyt lorde in joy to dwell
Tho folke lorde of mys beleve
Then helpe hem lorde or hyt hem greue
And lorde for thi grette pete
Then helpe hem lorde all that trylis in the
The pope vnsware anon ryght
Hyte shall be done with all my myght
Nowe god moder I pray the
Wen hyte is all done thou com to me
To tel me of thi fare
God bryng us both out of care
Then sayd the gost I wyll full fayne
Yf God voche safe I com agayne
To tell the at the last
Wen all my paynes byn past
Farewell son for now I go
For Godis love thynke on my wo
The pope lett send swythe sone
To the freres of saynt Austen
To mynor or to Jacobyn
And to the freres of Mont Carmell
With hys blessing he gret hom welle

To prest and clarke that woned in Rome
To pylgrimis that thider com
He bade hem on this blesyng
Hys moder sole to in mynde
In hor preyers and byddyng
Hym selffe wolde the masses syng
Wen the trentall was all done
Ho came agayne full sone
The thryde nyght secorly
After the byrth of thor lady
To the pope in this chambur
With tho most swett sauor
That euer he felde in his lyfe
Therwith the pope wakende swyth
Much myrthe y-hard and full grete steuin
He se fayre angels were comin fro heuin
Betwene hom they broght his moder I wis
Hym thoght ho was the qwene of blys
So fayre ho schon so bryght ho was
The pope knelet down in that place
Lade he sayde I serued now the
That thow wolde schow the to me
As I schall the serue swette lady
Of my moder sole hafe mercy
Nay sayde the sole thou mys leuest
I am not ho that thou wenest
Thi moder I am and not the qwene
Blossed mot thow be ever ben
For thorogh thi prayers my dere sone
Euer in blysse I schall won
God of heuin brynge the thedur
That we may have that joy togedur

And to the blesse then com we
Amen sayd all for charyte
Here endes the trentall of Gregori
God of our soles haue merci Amen

Explycyt trentalle Sancti Gregorii

**Be it trowe or be it fals
It is as the cope was**

The Circumsision.

Whan Janus bifrons in cold Jenuare
With forsty berd enturth in the yere
And Phebus chare negheth Aquare
Hys wattry beemes to fore Feuerere
Whant that lyght was pale and nothyng clere
And from hym late parted was Lucyne
Tho same nyght as Ysaw hur schyne

Horned new with beemes glad and myrye
On the heuen and cost hur stremes down
I con remember me on thys hee ferye
That called is the circumsision
How hit befell then by revolucyon
By just a cowntyng in the kalendere
The fyrst day of the new yere

And thoght I wold in my booke procede
Of this fest sumwhat for to wryte
And to the gospel fyrst I con take hede
Of this day how Luke lyst to endyte
Thowgh he therof spoke but a lyte
And was full bref and compendyous
Yett of this day so hee and glorious

He wryth pleynty and seyth how that a non
After the day of the natiuite
When viij dayes passed weron and gon
The chyld was broght with all humylyte
To the temple lowly for to be
As the law of Jowes hath deuysed
The eyght day to be circunsysed

And therto he mekly dyd obey
And with a knyfe made full scharpe of ston
His moder loking with a pytuos eye
The chylde was corve ther with all anon
That all abowtt the rede blode can gon
With owt abydyng as seyth Bonaventure
That for tho peyne that he dyd endure

And for sharpenes of the soden smarte
The chyld can wepe that pete was to here
Wherfore his moder of verrey tender hart
Owtt barst on teeres myght herself not stere
That all by dewed wer hur eyon clere
Whan sche saw hym that sche loved soo
So yong so feyre to wepe so for woo

But he anon in all hys passyon
For all that he was so yong of age
In maner he had pete and compassyon
To se hys moder so wepe in hur age
And put hys hond vnto hur vysage
On mowthe and eyon passyng benygn
And as he coud gudly made a syngne

With owt speche to stynt hur wepyng
That com to hur of moderly pete
And sche ful wel conseyyng his meenyng
From poynt to poynt and then anon con sche
To loke on hym that was so feyr to be
And hys fetures consydered by and by
And in hur armes wonder womonly

Sche toke hym up and prayed hym be styll
As of modurs is pleyonly the maner
And he in all obeyeth to hur wyll
Thogh he wer yong and began to change chere
And with hur kerchef sche made her eyon clere
On hys chekis in all that ever sche may
Full modurly the teeres sche wypt away

And lyke of alyckenes as hit is devysed
That Cryst Jesus who so lyst to se
In swor maner was trwly cyrcunsysed
The fyrst of his moder in his natiuite
With the knyfe of poverte
And now this day which is not feyned
Eke with a knyfe by the law ordyned

The thryd maner ye may also consider
How with a knyfe of grete adversyte
That he was kyt fyrst when he com hyder
Takyng for us here hys humanyte
And at the last with full grete cruelte
For us he suffurd circunsyson
Upon the cros duryng his passyon

Also in iiij maner who so can take hede
Christ in his choson by gud inspeccion
Here in this world with any drede
Of new he suffurd a circunsysyon
The fyrst is made by false detraccion
That kytteth away both frend and fame
And the schynyng of hur gud name

The second is by fals tyranny
Of suche that have no coneyens at all
But taketh away by cursed robbery
Unrightfully hur gudis temporall
And the thryd is sothely most mortall
Of eyretykes that falsly dysobey
To holy chyrche and to our feyth varrey

The fowrth is made by effusyon of blode
Of tyrranitis that the bodye slethe
When thei of malice ageyne the feyth bewode
To execute hur venym vp by deth
To make martyrs yeld up the breth
Whom Cryst Jesu eternally in glory
Ordeyned hath a palme of his victory

Also v tymes Cryst in his manhode
Sched his blode by effusyon
And fyrst of all when he dyd blede
Upon the day of hys cyreunsysyon
And next in soth befor hys passyon
Upon the hyll for angwyshe when he swett
The red blode whech all his body wette

The thryd tyme his blod most vertuos
Con run out by mony cruell wownd
When he that was the kyng most gracyos
Of the Jowes to a pyler was bound
The fowrt tyme eke as hit is fownd
He spend his blode for owr althe gud
When he was nayled upon the rod

And althe last when Longeus fere
Thorow his hart pleyonly as I fynd
On Caluery hym perced with a spere
That blode and water as bookis make mynd
Con streme downe to his eyon blynd
By whose vertu anon thys Paynym knyght
Only of grace hath recoverd his syght

And in bookis eke as hit is told
How the pece of his incision
Was by an angell in an uryne of gold
To Charles browght in a vysyon
And he anon of grete affectyon
Of this myracle for the excellence
And made hit be kept for grete reverence

At Aquisgreyn but yf bookis lye
Full mony yer by revolucyon
In a church sothly of Marie
But clerkis hau an opeynyon
That in the day of resurexeyon
When Cryst Jesu roose from deth to lyfe
The same pece retourned also by lyue

To the place where that hit com fro
Sython that hit was sothly as I fynd
Of thys monhode perteynyng thertoo
And a party longyng to his kynd
Thowgh hit so be that bookis make mynd
That in Rome hit is as yett reserved
And yere by yere when this fest is served

In a chyrch whych men of custom call
Sancta Storva by old fundacyon
The same day ther the prestis all
Solemply makon a stacyon
When all the pepull gown on processyon
Fully in hope better for to spede
From yere to yere ther they syng and rede

And forthermor the story doth devyse
The same day ryght forth with anon
In the temple as they hym dyd circumsyse
He named was Jesus of euery ychon
Of which name long or that agoon
Was of the angell told and seyde afore
To his moder or that he were bore

And to reherse the grete wurthynesse
Of thys name which may not be dyscreved
My wyttis be so dull with rudeness
And in the cheynes of ignoraunce gyved
That I allas of cunnyng am depreued
Thorow lack of wytte in euery manner wyse
To underfong so passyng an hee emprise

For thys is the name whos con dyscerne
Most excellent and most of dygnyte
The name of names sacryd from eterne
As seyth Barnard who so lyst to se
Fygured fyrst unto Josue
Thorow hys knyghthode when that he schuld lede
The pepull of God to save him in her nede

For this is the name that hartis most desyre
Ther is ther in soo passyng swettnes
For hit may best with grace hom enspyre
And with plente of all gostly ryches
Hit is comfort and socour in sekness
Refute also rest and remedy
To all tho that felon maledye

Ageyn langor the best medycyne
In all thys world that owher may be found
For thys name is so hevenly and devyne
That hertis syke hyt dothe with hele habownd
Hyt cureth sores hyt heleth euery wownd
And saveth men fro maym of swyrd and sper
Where euer thei ryde in perel nye or farr

Hit is fyrst wryten in the booke of lyfe
For worthyest and most of reuerence
As hit is eke best presarvatyffe
Ageyn the assawte and the vyolence
Of wyked eyre to voyde pestylence
And from the deth hem that pleynon sore
Of his vertu to helthe hit doth restore

Hit is also sothefast saluacion
 To all that ben in pouerte and in nede
 Hit is defence hit is proteccyon
 In yche perel and in euery drede
 Hit is also the guerdon and the mede
 To hem that ben in exyle of owtrage
 Repeyre fynall of hur pylgrimage

Hit is the well with iiij stremes
 Wherof Barnard wryteth in sentence
 That thorow the world refrescheth all reemis
 Hit is so holsom and of suche excellence
 The fyrst he calleth the streme of sapience
 Of whyche the flod most july is habownd
 And ryghtwysnes he nameth the secound
 *

And the thryd he calleth holyness
 For hit excelleth in perfeccion
 The fowrth also I con well expresse
 Hit is the flode of owre redempeyon
 And of the fyrst in conclusyon
 Of wech the stremis ben so fresch and fyne
 Who so looke aryght is hooly owre doctryne

And of his ryght to make mencyon
 The holsom well euer doth flow and flete
 With mercy medled and remyssyon
 Before his dome his ire for to lete
 And of the thryd the water ys so swette
 By gud ensample who so can dyscerne
 In vertu euer how we schuld hus gouerne

And of the fowrt to speke in speeyall
His all owre helthe and salvacion
For therin is owre remedy fynall
Ageynis dethe and full proteccion
Whos blod sprang owtt of Crystis passion
And who that lust by water to atame
He schall hit fynd enclosed in this name

Of perfyte ryches hit is tresory
Whych may not wast but eylyke abyde
The fyre hit quencheth also of envy
And represseth the boluyng eke of pryde
And thorow mekynes setteth yre asyde
And who that hathe this name in remembraunce
The spyryt of slowth hym may do no grevaunce

Hit is also myghty it pethys fayre
Ageynis wanhope and disperacyon
Cryst all scheld of palys for dyspayre
Therof to voyde the fowle abusyon
And who that maketh hys invocacion
To thys name with hart and stabulnes
Hit gyveth hym strenth hit gevyth hym sykernes

The cruel fyr and brennyng withstonde
Of lechury and all temptacion
Hit is refute to fre and eke to bond
That haue therin hur full affeccion
Whos vertue was to Kyng Saloman
Full long aforon in dyuine oracle
As I fynd schewed by myracle

Thys is the name of prophetis specyfied
In hor wrytyng and in hor bookis old
Of the Apostyls most holy magnyfied
By whos vertu they the trowth told
This made also martors to be bold
And myghty lyke styrne champyons
With stabull hart to suffur hor passyons

By thys name thei were victoryous
In hor torment pacyens to have
This is the name that Ignasius
Had in hys hart of gold full depe grave
Wherof the tyrant gretly con abave
When that he saw his hart kytte atweyn
And letturs new depicte in every payn

This is the name that to confessors
Was full repast in hur abstinence
This is the name that in scharp schowris
Of fleschly lust was hooly hor defence
Hit gaff hom myght to make recistence
Ageyn syn knytly to werrey
And to contynu in vertu tyll thei dey

Hit is the fest and the sugurd foode
Of maydonhede and of virginite
The oyle of grace holsom to all goode
Whech in the lampis of perfit chastite
Brenneth so clere with love and charite
That wordly wyndis boystust in blowyng
Ne may not quenche the lyght of hor schynyng

This is the name that most gyveth melody
Vnto the cere and the swettest sown
Hyt is the name of heavenly armony
To voyde syn and all temptacyon
With full acord ageyn dyvysyon
Hit cawseth hartis no lenger to debate
That parted weron thorow the warst of hate

Thys name is joy to sorowfull in destres
Eternall mede of hem that lyvon in blys
Salue unto hem that langor in sekenes
Vesture in cold to hem that clothis mysse
Souereyn repast hongry for to wysse
And for to skape the cruell vyolence
Of nedis swyrd whettyng with violence

Cryst is a name of sothfast sacryment
The fyrst was gyven of holy unccion
And he was called Cryst for this entent
For he for mon schuld make oblacyon
And for he com for owr saluacion
To skowre away the rust of all owre blame
He hath of Jesus full worthily the name

I fynd in book of old antiquite
In her wrytyng as clerkis lyst expresse
How ther wer iiij persons of won degre
Som tyme anoynted for her worthines
Som for monhode som for holynes
With observawnce and solempnyte
As was conabull vnto hor degre

Prophetis prestis and they that beron crownes
Ar worthy kyngis of euery regyon
Anoynted weron and myghty champyons
With won pallestre thorow hor hee renown
Or in champlos hardy as lyon
Entur wold som quarel to derayne
Synglerly by empyrse of hem tweyne

And Cryst was all by reson as I preve
Fyrst a prophete by holy enformacion
And by his doctryne most worthi of byleve
And he was also the myghty champion
That syngulary for owre saluacion
Fawght with the fende and had victorie
Mawgrey his myght and wan the palme of glorye

And he was preste mon to reconsyle
That banyshed was owt of eyrytage
Whom a sarpent falsly dyd exile
Of fals malice in a soden rage
And he was borne only by hys lynage
To be kyng and by power eterne
When he is crowned hys pepull to governe

Now Cryst Jesu sothefast prest and kyng
And for monkynd most worthy werroure
Prophete also and trwest in lyving
Be thou owre helpe be thou owre socour
And lyke as a kyng be thou owre gouernour
And champion to helpe us in owre nede
And lyke a prophete thou helpe us and rede

O Cryst Jesu to the I clepe and crye
From day to day to helpe us and releve
And of thi grace us wrecches for to gye
And or that thou thi ryghtwysnes preve
Lett pete fyrst the to mercy meve
And or thi swyrd of veniaunce vs manace
Let ruthe afore thi ryghtfull dome embrace

For of owre helpe thou artt the pylere
Ageyn dyspayr hooly owre sustynaunce
Owre strenth owre myght owre reficte fer and nere
In eych perel to save hus from meschaunce
Thou art owre store and owre sustynaunce
And in myscheve when drede wyll us assayle
Thou art owre scheld and owre supportayle

Thow art myghty and thow art meke also
Thow art ryghtfull and thow art mercyabull
Lomb and lyon thow art called bothe too
And sothfast kyng whos regne is inmutabull
To repentaunt by rygour not vengeable
And euer afore in ponyschyng of the law
Pees to preferre or ryght his swyrd may draw

And to bryng the lost schepe ageyn
Owt of desert vnto hys pasture
That was errawnt ydyl and in vayne
O Cryst Jesu of thi benygne cure
More redy ay to save and to cure
All that ben sore and skabbed eke with syn
Rather with pete then with rygour wyn

Now thow that art the verrey ryghtfull lyne
All that is croked goodly to redresse
And mayst of mercy owre myscheve fyne
O Cryst Jesu well of all swetnes
Lord of pete lord of ryghtwysnes
Have vpon hys this day compassyon
That called is the Circunsysion

And grawnt vs grace with dew reuerence
This hee fest so noble and so dygne
Worschyp and holow devoyde of all offence
And be to vs gudly and benygne
That wher thys day marked with the syngne
And karect by the syngne ordeyned
And of mekenes hath hyt not dysdeyned

And so as thow dydest neuer trespae
Thorow thi mekenes and low subjeccion
Suffer woldest this day of thi grace
For owre offence circunsysion
So kytt from huss all temptacion
Of wordly lust and make the flesh to serue
To the spirit tyll the bode sterue

And grawnt us grace to lyve chast and clene
O Cryst Jesu whyl that we ben here
Thorow prayyer of that hevonly qwene
That is meydon and moder bothe in feere
With help of her grawnt vs this new yerre
So prudently with vertu hus to provyde
Owre vices all that we may circunsyde

And Cryst Jesu we pray vnto the
Lett thi name wher we rydy or son
In eych perel and eych aduersyte
Be owre defence ageyn owre mortal fon
To make hem stond styll as any ston
And all that vs cast falsly to verrey
Make hur malice mekely to obey

To thi name to make hem stond abak
Or they haue power to haunt her cruel myght
And wykkod spyritis so horrabul and so blak
That besy ben to wayte us day and nyght
Lett thi name dryve hem owt of syght
And in owre forhede when we Jesus inpresse
Make us of grace hur malice to oppresse

For in thi name we hooly commende
Owre lyfe owre dethe body hart and all
Owre sowle also when we hens wend
O Cryst Jesu O lord euer immortall
Preying to the when thou vs deme schall
To save all those from eternall schame
That haue fulfeyth and hooly trust in thi name

Amen

Thus endeth as I sey can
The Circunsision of God and man

The Epiphanye.

Thow lord whos lyght descendeth from fer
Thorow the rowndnes of the speres nyne
Withowt whom Phebus nere no sterre
Upon hevun power hathe to schyne
Lett now thi lyght my darknes enlumyn
That thorow thi help I may my style gye
Sumwhat to say of the Epiphanye.

And lett my brest benyng lord be dewod
Downe with som drope from thi majeste
That was this day by a sterre schewed
Owt of the est to worthi kyngis thre
Whech on the nyght of the natyvyte
Can fyrst aspye the bryght beemes clere
Of thys sterre and on the hevun apere

Of whom the spryng was not cawsyl
Of fortune ne of sodeyne aenture
For mony a day or thys befell
And mony a yere by record of scrypture
With a waytyng and wonder besy cure
In verrey sothe as I remembur can
A certeyn kynrad toward the occian

Which of the stok and of the lyne cam
Who so lyst to loke in bookis from afer
And of the blode of old Balaam
That sumtyme had with his asse were
The whech sayde ther schuld ryse a ster
Owt of Jacob and from Ysraell
All yett therof he cowde not tell

Upon whos word fully in beleve
Ther schuld ryse such a ster bryght
Wer xij choson the trewth to apreue
Within mydwynter nyght by nyght
When in Aquarye Phebus schad hys lyght
For to wayte in hor best wyse
When this ster of hevun schuld ryse

And this xij wer of the kynrad
Of Balaam as ye have harde me tell
And yer by yer schuld take hede
Upon an hyll besyde a lytell well
And ther in feyr a lytell space dwell
Anoynted and bathed and in clothis whyte
And of custom ther in slepe but a lyte

Butt in preyer and in certeyne rytis used
They most wake and weyte in specyall
And non of hem pleynly to be excused
Upon thys hyll named Victoryall
And yf won deud then his son schall
By statute old hys place to occupye
Or ellis won that wer ner next of alye.

And this contynned duryng mony a yere
By custom used of antyquite
As Phebus went by meuyng circulere
So they kept hor tymes by degre
And ych yere wer certeyn dayes three
By calkyng cast and computacion
Sowght and chossen owt by eleccion

For to wayte the upryst by the morow
Of this sterre with his beemes glade
Which Balaam seyde schuld avoyde owre sorow
At hys upryst who beemes may not fade
To schew hys lyght yn euery schowre and schade
Withowt westryng or drawyng to declayne
Tyll at the last for the same fyne

To see this ster most famows of renown
On the hevon when hit wold apere
The worthi kyngis as is made mencion
Upon this hyll togeder goo in fere
For cawse thei who so lyst to here
Weron of the stok of Balaam down descended
Wherefor of sort the hyll thei ben ascendyd

As byfell hem by custom succede
At a certeyn yere by revolucion
And on thys hyll estward they toke hede
By gud avyse in hor inspeccion
The same nyght of incarnacion
That Cryst was borne in Beedlem of Marye
The same owre they dyd aspye

Of new aryse in the oryent
Full lustyly of whom the beemis bryght
Con enlumyn all the fyrmament
From est to west hyt gaffe soo clere a lyght
That of the stremis every maner wyght
Astoneyed was they weron so bryght and schene
And to the eyon presawnt for to sene

The which ster drowgh hys cowrse full ryght
Toward the hyll lyke as bookis tell
Wher the kyngis the long wynter nyght
Hyt to awayte solytary dwell
And they anon on her kneues fell
And thanked God with all her hartis furst
Whech hathe not defrawd hem of her lust

And all the nyght togedur as they woke
Upon the ster that schone so feyr and clere
And as they sodenly upwards con loke
They saw a chyld above the sterre apere
Soo yong soo feyr in a goldon spere
Full ryaly stondyng above hys hede
A large eros that was of blode so reede

The whech chyld spake to hem anon
Above the hyll with clere voyce and benyng
And bad hem that they schold fast gwon
In to Juda ryght as any lyne
And folow alway the ster schene
That schall hem bryng to that regyon
Where that the kyng most worthi of renown

Was borne that tyme to have regalye
Of Jewes the lond of David verrey ryght
Whom the sterne dyd speyfye
When he was borne with hys clere lyght
And anon when passed was the nyght
The next morne no longer lyst to abyde
But toward hym fast for to ryde

With grett aray and royall apparayl
As was fytyng to her worthines
They schope hem forth and for they wold not fayl
To do honor to hys nobylnes
With hem thei toke gold and grete ryches
To spend and gyffe and also for they ment
With gyftis grete the chyld to present

And forth they gwon no longer wold thei tary
Thorow mony a lond and mony dyuerse yle
Everych of hem on a dromedary
Which was soo swyfft that full mony a myle
They passed within a lytell whyle
That in space of dayes throttene
By cownt only of the sterre schene

They entred in to Jerusalem
That of Juda was the chefe cete
Conveyd euer with the bryght beem
Of the sterre that was feyr to see
And when they amyde the cete be
Not astoneyed asked in audyence
Wher is the kyng grattest of reuerence

Of Jewes borne to bere a crowne
Whose sterre we see in the oryent
That from heyvon cast his streemis down
Whech all the world vnder the fyrmament
Ys glad to see and we in won entent
Haue gyftis broght owtt of owre contre
Hym to honour in hys ryall see

Then when Herod of hor comyng knew
He trowbled was and also all the towne
And began anon to change chere and hew
And made in haste a convocacion
Of all the prest dwellyng envyron
To know clerly and to be certyfyed
Of the place that was specyfyed

Of prophetis wher Cryst schall be boron
And they anon the trewth to hym told
In Beedlem as thei full long aforne
Fowndon owtt in hor bookis old
And all the maner to hym thei dyd vnfold
From poynt to poynt as Mathew maketh mynd
Redes his gospell and ther ye schall hit fynd

And then Herode con the kyngis call
And of thys mater entrede pryvyly
And curiously how that hyt was fall
He con enquire full bysyly
And of the sterre also by and by
He asked him in wordis few
How and in what wyse hyt con fyrst schew.

And when they had told hym every dele
Thei parted out of hys presens
But fyrst he bad hem enquere well
Of the chyld with all his dylygence
And when thei had don reuerence
He charged hem under wordis feyre
Homward by hym they schuld repeyre

To geve hym clerly enformacion
Of her expleyte and of the chyld also
Surly affermyng by fals conclusyon
That he hym selffe wold after goo
Vnto the chyld and hys deyver doo
To worschyp hym as vnder colowrs
The worm abydeth or serpent vnder flowrs

Dareth full oft and kepeth hym couertly
Of kynd malice tyll they a tyme see
To schede her venym and than sodenly
All at onis when men vnwarnyd bee
They styngon in hart and schewon her cruelte
And hur venym vnder flowris feyre
Full oft is hyd tyll they may repayre

Ryght so tho sarpent of iniquite
Fals tigre full of dowbulnesse
Vnder colowr of humylyte
Thi venym dareth and thi falsnes
O thou tyraunt O roote of cursednes
Thou Herode of malice most mortall
What wenest thou that thou knowst all

To dysteyn with thi sleighty wyle
To bryng suger vnder feyn
What wenest thou the kyngis to begyle
And of malyce bryng hem in a trayne
Of whos cumyng though thou dysdeyne
Hyt may not pleynly help nor avayle
For of thi purpose surly thou schalt fayle

For by grace they schall in quyetē
Mawgrey thi myght thi dawnger passe
For thowgh thou with wordis honny swett
Maliciously upon her deth compasse
They schall askape in spyte of thi face
For all the coniecte of thy prynces wyse
As the story anon schall deuise

And soo with venym in hys hart looke
He gaff hem leve passe thorow owte hys reem
In her repeyr hym castyng to be wroke
Yf they retowrned by Jerusalem
And so the sterre hem browght to Beedlem
And lyne ryght the chylde above
Wher as he lay styll began to hove

Butt who the joy con tell or endyte
Or with hys mowthe who con the myrthe expresse
Or who con pleynly with hys penne wryte
The grette blysse or elles the gladnes
Wher they made in varray sothfastnes
After her jorney and long way
Aboue the howse when they the sterre say

That can to him clerly certyfye
With more the chyldes dwellyng place
And thei anon fast con hem hye
With lusty hart and glad chere and myld of face
And lyght downe in a lytell space
They made hem redy and with reuerence
They entred in and com in presence

Wher as the chylde most worthi of degre
Was with Mary and in an ox stall
And humble the kyngis all thre
Befor the chylde on her knees con fall
And broght her tresor and her gyftis all
As reuerently as they can dyvyse
And hym presented on her best wyse

Lyke her estate ychon after other
Makyng her present with all humylyte
Lyke her age as brother after brother
Golde france and myrre thei gaf hym all thre
After custom of Parce and Calde
For of that land when kyngis present make
The custom is seche gyftis to take

And this was done with foyson and plente
In verrey soth and grete habundaunce
For in her present was noo skarste
For of ryches thei had all suffyeyaunce
Wherfor they cast with devowt obeysaunce
Of dew ryght with the chylde to part
Of her tresor or that they depart

And that gold is payde for tribute
As hyt is fownde of antiquite
Therfor thes kyngis for a maner of sute
That they to hym owght of verrey dowte
They broght hym gold owt of her contre
And gaff hym with owt repentaunce
Hooly of al her hart for a reconysaunce

And franke also as clerkis can devyse
Ordeyned ys in conclusyon
To God only to make sacryfyse
With contrite hart and devocion
Therfor to hym for oblacion
Thei broght hym to syngnyfye tham
That he was sothfast God and man

And for they wold in all thyng obey
To hys henes with all hor cure
That he schuld for monkynd dey
They broght hym myrre in sepulture
For lyke a mon deth he most endure
And with his blode schall in hys passyon
Of owre trespas make redempcion

In franke also who so can dyscerne
Is understondon the majeste
Of hys power the whych that is eterne
And also hys hee deite
And gold betokneth hys hee dignyte
And myrre betokneth to us at all
Of hys monhode that is mortall

And gold betokeneth of love fervence
That he to mon had of affeccion
And franke betokeneth the soverayn excellence
In holynes of convarsasyon
And myrre betokeneth hys trybulacyon
That he suffurd and all the grete penaunce
For us in erth by contynuaunce

In gold he was knowon as kyng
In franke a prest who so can take hede
Of myrre also thys day offurrying
Was longyng only vnto hys monhede
And thus he was withowtte any drede
Bothe kyng and preste as I dyscerne can
And for owre sake in erth bycom man

In gold also metall most glorious
Fygured was hys hye deite
In franke that was so precyous
The sowle of Cryst most perfyt of degre
And myrre betokeneth thorow hys dygnyte
The flesch the whych by dysposicion
May neuer suffur no corrupcion

And of thes gyftis so passyng reuerent
Full of mystery and hevonly pryvyte
When thei had made her present
Unto the chyld syttyng on hur kne
With grete avyse they began to behold and se
Before they remeved from that place
Hys gudly chere and hys feyr face

Consyduryng hys feturis by and by
With grett insyght and humble entencyon
And euer the more they loked besyly
The more thei lyked in especcyon
And thowght all in hor reson
Thof kynd and God had sett in won fygure
The bewte holy of euery creature

Hyt myght not in sothefastness haue ben lyke
To hys feyrnes nor peregall
For he that is above nature ryche
Hathe made thys chyld in specyall
For in hys face thei beheld all
The hooli bewte and feyrnes alsoo
Of hevon and erthe togeder bothe too

Therfor no wonder thowghf they hym delyte
Most passyng on hym to see
For they in hart rejoysed not a lyte
On hym to loke that they have lybarte
For euer the more pleynly that they bee
In hys presence the perfyt hote fyre
Of hartly joy hem brent by desyre

And of won thyng full gud heyd thei toke
How that the chyld demeverly cast his syght
Towarde hem and goodly bygan to looke
On her faces with hys eye bryght
And how he putt hys armes ryght
Goodly to hem making a maner sygne
To hem of thankyng with chere full benygne

And of hys moder much thyng thei enquere
Towehyng hys byrthe with humble affeccion
And sche answered most femynyne of chere
Full prudently to euery questyon
With chere demeuer hur looke cast adown
With all the port of womonly clennes
Hursel demenyng and chefly with mekenes

O sche that was of hevon and erthe quene
And of hell lady and eke princes
O who is alas that may sustene
To be prowd consider her mekenes
O pryde alas O roote of owre destres
Thoff thou thi bost aboue the skyes blow
Thi byldyng hee schall be browght ful low

O thow syrquede alas why wyl thow se
How sche that hath heven in hur demeyn
And souereyne lade bothe of lond and see
And the axyltre betwene the polys tweyne
And all the enbrasyng of the goodly cheyne
Zyt vnto God I sey in sothenes
Above all this agreed is hur mekenes

O pompe elate with thi cheres bold
Remember and se and loke how that sche
On whom kyngis haue joy to behold
In hur presens to knelon on her kne
Thowgh sche of womonhede be hyest in degre
Take hede and se how lowly in a stabull
How that sche sat this lady worschypabull

Wer ther of gold any clothes fownde
Of sylke damaske or of tartryn
Or was ther arras abowt hur hede bownd
Or was ther any veluet or crymysyn
Or was ther any chamlyt or satyn
Or was ther any tapytys large or wyde
The naked grownd to keuer or hyde

Or was hur palys bylt with lyme and ston
Or the pylers sett with marbyl gray
Or the grownde pavyd on to gwon
Or fresch perlowres glased as bryght as day
Or wer ther any chawmburs of aray
Or for asstates was ther any hall
Save a dongon and an ox stall

Or of hur bed was ther any perayle
Of gold or sylke curteyned large abowt
Or wer ther schetis longe or wyde of entayle
Cutte of reynes nay withowtt dowte
Or wer ther any ladees hur abowtt
To hur plesaunce with all observaunce
Or maydons doying any attendaunce

Oo as me semethe of verray dew ryght
Ye wemen all schuld take hede
With yor perles and yor ryche stonis bryght
How that yor quene flowre of womonhed
Of no devyse enbrowdyrd hath her wede
Ne forred with armyn nor with trysty gray
Ne martryn sable I trow in gud fay

Ther was non fowndon in hur garment
And yeitt sche was the feyrest won to see
That euer was under the fyrmament
Where fore me semeth ye schuld have pete
To se a lady of soo hee degre
So symple tyred O ye wymmen all
Behold how narow sche closed in an ox stall

Lett be yowre pride and yowre affeccyon
Of ryche aray and no thyng yow delyte
In wordly pompe and such abusyon
Of dyvarse clothe red black and whyte
And be well ware or the spere byte
Of cruell deth and the fell smart
My counsell is to lyft vp your hart

To that lady and that worthi quene
That may yow best help in yor nede
And yow releve in euery woo and tene
And delyver from all myschefe and drede
And thynketh pleynty and taketh gude hed
That all schall passe aray and eke ryches
When ye lest wene and all yor semelynes

Lett hem afore be to yow a kalendere
Ysowd Elyn and also feyr Polycene
Hester also and Dido with hur gudly chere
And ryche Candace of Ethiope the quene
Lye they not gravyn vnder clottis grene
And yett all this may not for pryde atame
Notwithstandyng that ye schall to the same

Eke after deth abydeth no memory
For euer with deth cometh forgetfulnes
And farewell then all grett aray and veyn glory
Save only vartu that stondeth in sykerness
I take record of all mekenes
That is of holynes the well
Of whom I thenke sothly to tell

How sche sate for all hur worthines
Haldyng hur chyld full lowly on the grownde
And kyngis knelyng as ye haue hard expresse
Behold hur in vartu most habound
Tyll at the last they haue a leysar fownd
To take hor leyve and the same day
They began to ryde homward by the way

And sewyng after the next nyght
Whyll thei slepped at her loggyng place
Ther com an angell apperyng with grette lyght
And warned hem that thei tooke not the trace
By Herode but bad that they schuld pace
Withowt abod in all the hast that they may
To hor kyngdom howm by another way

And in schort tyme to hor regyon
They be repeyred the gospell telleth us
And of her names to make mencion
The fyrst in Ebrew was called Appollyus
The next Amerous the thryd Damathus
And in Greke the fyrst Galgala
And Sarachym thryd Malgala

And in Latyn as bookis make mynd
 The fyrst of hem was named Jaspere
 And the secound pleynly as we fynd
 Lykke my auctor reherse as I dare
 Called and named was Baltysar
 And the thryd ye geyte of me no more
 As I rede was called Melchyore

Of whos repeyre as som bokis sayn
 That fyrst of all they went to the see
 And retourned to hor kyngdom ageyn
 They schypped hem at Tharsis the cete
 For whech cursed Herode of cruelte
 In Tharsis made all the schyppis brenne
 Wherof Davit wryteth in the sawter yf ye hit kenne

And vnto yow clerly to speeyfye
 Towchyng this fest and this solempnyte
 Wherof is seyde thyse wordis Ephyphanye
 Whych is a word of grette auctoryte
 And seyde and compowned who that can see
 Of *Epi* fyrst and *phanos* sothe to seyn
 And oo word combyned of thes tweyn

Cometh thys word of Ephyphanye
 And this word *epi* by discrypeyon
 Is seyde of heght as I can sygnyfye
 And of a schynyng by demonstracyon
 Is *fanos* seyde and so by gud reson
Epi and *phanos* bothe knytt in fere
 Is a schewyng that doth on loft apere

And for this day aloft was the sterre
Whych Crystis byrth and his incarnacyon
With his stremis can schew from so fer
From Est to West in mony a regyon
Wherfor this fest by conclusyon
As ye before have hard me specyfy
This fest is called of Ephyphany

The whych fest hathe a prerogatyffe
Of myracles notable in specyall
For fowre thyngis wrowght in Crystis lyffe
Where won thys day by his power ryall
Tho forst of all most memoryall
Is of the kyngis as ye have hard me sayn
Whech were in ydyl to reherse ageyn

The secound is as hit is sothly told
That Cryst Jesu this day of Sentt Jon
The yere when he was xxx^{ti} wynters old
Baptest was in the flem Jordon
At the whech tyme thre kyngis under won
Descended this day worthi of memory
The fyrst was that from the hye glory

The fadres voyse as clarkis lyst to endyte
Come downe to erthe that mon myght here
And lyke a dowve with fedurs whyte
The Holy Gost also dyd apere
And Cryst Jesu the fadurs son enter
Thys day apperyng in owre mortall kynd
Was of Seyn Jon baptyzed as I fynd

And for als moch as they all thre
Thys day were seyn by sothfast apparence
They beyng won in perfyte vnyte
Therfor thys day of most reverence
Named is trwly in sentence
Theophanes for God in treble wyse
Therin appered as ye have hard devyse

For *theos* is as moch to mene
As God in Englych yf ye lyst to see
And *phanos* a schewyng withowt any wene
As ye have harde rehearse afore of mee
And for in erth won God in trynyte
Thys day appered withowt any lye
Ye may trwly hyt call the Ephyphanye

Also when Cryst was passed xxx^{ti} yere
Thys day he turned water into wyne
That passyngly was to the chere
And of tarage inly gud and fyne
The whych he sent to Archytrychyne
And thys myracle inly vertuows
In Galile was schewed in an hows

Thys same day whech men dyd aspye
As holy chyrche maketh mencion
Therfor hys hyt named Bethphanye
For *beth* in Englych by dyscrypcion
Called is an hows or a mancion
Of whych meracle renowned of fame
Bethphanye thys day worthely hath the name

Also in the yere afore hys passion
For in desert thys day also I rede
With loves v thorow hys grete foyson
Fyve thowsand I fynde that he dyd fede
Of the whych myracle yf ye take hede
Thys day is named Phagyphanye
Lyke as hyt was fyrst called Ephyphanye

For thys word *phagy* vnto owre entent
Is seyde of fedyng or ellis refeccion
For whych myracle passyng excellent
That is famous and of so hee renown
Lyke as the gospell maketh mencion
Therfor thys day among the tother all
Ye may justly Phagyphanye hit call

Now Cryst Jesu thys hee day and fest
We the beseeche with hart wyll and thowght
Only of mercy to here owre request
For the myrales that thou therin hast wrought
For love that the so fer haue soght
The wurthy kyngis that com owt of Calde
The to honor in Bedlem cete

And thorow prayer of thes thre
That for thi love taken here vyage
Jesu defende vs from aduersyte
And make strong and sure in owre passage
In exile and perilous pylgrymage
Whech our fomen of malice and pryde
Haue thys lyue bysett hus on euery syde

The whych owre gold of perfyt charite
Wolde us bereve by persecucion
That we schuld offure of fervence vnto the
Of hartly love and hee devocion
And eke owre franke of contemplacion
Wherwith we schuld make owre saerifyse
Of hye dysdeyne and malice they dyspyse

For gold of trowth ys falsly now alayed
By fayned love and symylacion
And feyth with frawde is corrupt and afrayed
With dowbull tongis and detraccion
Owre franke also of hee perfeccion
That schuld brenne clere aboue the skye
Is with cowod medled of envy

That hyt alas gyff may no lyght
In the sensure of trwe affeccion
For the day of trowth is turned into nyght
Thorow wrang report and fals suspeccion
And thus gud feyth is rolled upso downe
And trw menyng darketh with a skye
That we in Englysch callon flaturye

And this offuryng gothe almost all wrong
Of gold of franke for owght I can aspye
And owre myrre hath ben behend long
Hus to presarve from all trechery
For now it is turned to ypoerysy
All owre holynes and that is ruthe
And cawse why for frawd hathe banysched trewth

But Cryst Jesu that all thys mest amend
And that amysse in yche state redres
Thys hee fest such grace to us send
That we the gold of feythe and stabulnes
And eke the franke of perfyte holynes
May on this daye present vnto the
With all trew hart as dyd the kyngis thre

And grawnt also bothe to hee and low
To have such myrre in her advertence
That euery wyght hys owne fawtes know
And that no man be hasty of sentence
To deeme lyghtly before or in absence
For sodeyn doome mynged with ignoraunce
Hath a long teyle sewyng of veniaunce

For in sothenes yf that euery man
Wold make a myrrour of hys own mynd
To deme hymself of thyng that he wele can
And open hys eyon that have ben long blynd
To se hys fawtes that he schuld wele fynd
Thow in soth for any hast or rape
Harmles from doome hys felow schuld askape

Now Cryst Jesu that knowest every hart
And no thyng may be hyd from thy presence
Ne from thyne eye declyne ne astart
Graunt vs thys day of thi magnyfycence
The gold of love the franke of innocence
And the chast myrre of clene intencion
So to present in owre oblacion

To thy hynes that hyt be acceptabull
Whyl that we lyf euer from yere to yere
As was the offurrying in Beedlem in a stabull
Made unto the and to thi moder dere
Of the kingis that with the stremes clere
Of a sterr conveyed weron by grace
Wher thou lay to com to the place

And unto the this day we clepe and call
Thou blestful quene of kyngis emperes
That gaf thi son sowkyng in a stall
That chast mylke of virgynall clennes
That thou thys fest O sterre of holynes
Conveye owre offurrying to thi sterris see
Where neest thi son thou hast souerente

And gud lady in thys sorowfull vale
Of trowbull of woo and of hevynes
Sythou thou of Jacob art the ryght scale
The way of love the laddur of holynes
Toward the cowrte the evon way to dres
And make thi men thyder to ascende
Where euer is blys and joy hath noon end

For certes modur in thys lyffe we lacke
Of sothefast joy all owre suffysaunce
Saf among we knele among the racke
Wherewith the son was somtyme thi plesaunce
And as rejoysyng as by a remembraunce
Only by lyknes to loke on thi ymage
And on thy son with hys feyr vysage

But O allas ther is but a lyknes
Of portrature that dothe us grete offence
For we may not haue full the blessednes
Of thi vysage ner of thi presence
And so to us grete harme dothe apparence
When that we seon of owre dysyre that we fayle
We may wele pleyne but hyt wyll not awayle

Yett day by day of tru affeccion
We gwon of new thi lyknes for to se
Wherof o thyng we have compassyon
To se the bestes that so humble bee
To stond in betwene thi son and the
The rude asse and the ox also
And then we seyn compleynyng in owre wo

With all owre hart what thyng may this be
To se that lord in a racke lye
That hathe hevon vnder hys poste
And all thys world power hath to gye
Oo how is hyt that the regalye
Of hevon and erthe is browght down so low
That no mon lyst hys power unnethe know

And sodenly owre hartis begynneth cold
Sore astoneyed and is for wo ny mate
So grett a quene when that we behold
Aloon syttyng and dysconsolate
So feyr so gud and of so hye astate
Most womonly and benyng of chere
Thi son and thou togedur bothe in fere

In the bondes of so narrow a downione
Whereof all erth trembule schuld and quake
And every wyght by lamentacion
Wepe and pleyne syke and sorow make
O blesfull quene only for thi sake
To se on the non other a watyng
But beestes rude with hey hem selfe fedyng

But in won thyng comfort yett we fele
Oo gud lady sothly when we see
Thre worthy kyngis afore thi face knele
Bryngyng hor gyftis with all humylyte
And hem gouerne lyke to thi degre
With meke attendaunce and full besy cure
But all thys thyng we se but in pycture

Alas the whyle yett hyt dothe hus ese
And in party aswageth owre grevaunce
For no thyng may owre sorow so apese
As euer on the to haue a remembraunce
For in the is owre hol suffysaunce
And thoughh we lyve in langor for absence
Yet gud lady for thi magnyfycence

To thi servaunttis of grace now see
And to thi son befor hus amene
Thys hee fest whech longethe unto the
In whych thou were honowred lyke a quene
With myrre and franke and gold that schynethe so
schene
Now for the honor thys day was to the
And for the love of the kyngis thre

When we schall part owtt of thys wofull lyfe
And make an end of thys captyvyte
Of Heroudes thorow thys mortall stryfe
The fend betrap us thorow hys cruelte
That tyme lady of thy benyngnyte
Ageynis the snares of thys dredfull warre
To lyfe eterne be thow owre loode starre

Here endeth the offurrying verement
Of thre kyngis with gud entent

The Purificacion Marie

Glorye and preyse laude and hye honowre
O blesfull quene be gevon unto the
That were of the choson towre
Surely grownded upon humylyte
Schytte with the key of clene vyrgynyte
From all synne fully assured
Of the Holy Gwest rownd abowte enmured

That neuer brennyng of no fleschly hete
Assayle myght thy holy tabernacle
With dew of grace thi closet was so swete
Fulfylled with vertu oonly by myracle
God chose thi wombe for hys tabernacle
And halowed hyt so clene yn euery cost
To make hyt secrary for hys own gost

Notwithstandyng that thou were so clene
Above all other by eleccion
Of mekenes only O thou hevon quene
Thou lyst to haue noon indygnacion
The dayes passed of thi purgacion
To fullfyll the precept of the law
In euery thyng and not a poynte withdraw

128 THE PURIFICACION MARIE.

But eyvon lyke as hyt is speeyfyed
 Levytyei who so can vnderstand
 To the temple to be purifyed
 Thou mekely com thyn offurryng in thyn hond
 All be the law sett on the no bond
 For hyt ther maketh meneyon
 Towchyng the law of purgacion

If a womon conseye by a man
 And have a chyld by meydlyng hem betwene
 Yf he be a male the law techeth than
 Fowrty dayes that sche schuld be unclene
 And kepe hur close that no mon schuld hur sene
 And after that sche schuld hur offurryng
 In law expressed to the temple bryng

But taketh hede now in conclusyon
 How thys law lyke as ye schall fynd
 Ne was not put but by condycyon
 Only to hem that corrupt weron by kynd
 Thorow towch of mon of such hit maketh mynd
 The dayes nowmbred of hur purgacyon
 The dayes nowmbred of hur oblacyon

And bryng a lampe the whych in sacrificye
 Schuld all be brent in the holy place
 And a pejon as law doth devyse
 Sche schuld eke offur as for hur trespace
 And then all fylth from hur to enchase
 Sche of prest halowed and sanctifyed
 Retowrned hom all fully purifyed

And yf she had in hur possessyon
 Redely no lombe only for pouerte
 Then schuld she take for hur oblacion
 Too turtull dowves and ther with all go fre
 Or too pejonns lyke as ye may see
 Levytyci whereas by dystynceyon
 Of thys offurrying is made dyscrypeyon

But thys meyste who so con take hede
 Excluded was for condycion
 That bare hur chyld withowt mannis seede
 Beyng euer clene from all corrupcion
 Waere thorow she was from such oblacion
 By law exempt and was under no charge
 For hur clennes standyng at large

For of hur wombe the cloysture vyrgynall
 Euer was lyke bothe fyrst and last
 Closed and schytt as castell principall
 For the Holy Gost devysed hit and cast
 And at bothe tymes schytt I lyke fast
 In hyr chyldyng no more thorow got broke
 At hyr conceyvyng then hyt was vnloke

For nature withowtt any stryff
 Of repugnaunce or any recystence
 Gaff thys meyste a specyall prerogatyf
 As moder pured to haue experiens
 Only of chyldyng and feele noon offence
 Neyder of seknes nor of no woo
 Intravelyng as other wymmen doo

130 THE PURIFICACION MARIE.

Sche was exempt from all such passyon
 For hur clennes and so was non but sche
 And yet hur tyme of puryfycacion
 Sche dyd abyde of hur humylyte
 And lyke as law ordeyneth by dertre
 After all thys of custum as sche owghtt
 To the temple sche hur offryng broghtt

To geve ensampull only of meknes
 To the law sche mekely wold obey
 From poynt to poynte the gospel seyth expresse
 And in no maner wold hit not with sey
 And though that sche bare of gold no key
 To bye a lombe for pouert constreynyng
 Yett full mekely to make hur offurryng

Brought too turtulles as hyt is seyde aforon
 That was the offurryng of pore folke ychon
 Whych to the temple when that sche hath boron
 As custom was sche offurred hym anon
 And after that old Symeyon
 With humble hart and full besy peyne
 The chyld enbracyng in hys armes tweyn

Of his moder gudly can he take
 Of lonyng hart and grette devocion
 And such a joy of hym can he make
 With in him self of her affeccion
 That he ne cowde neyther by word ne sowne
 Outward declare neyther with chere ne face
 The passyng joy that can hys hart embrace

And he was ryghtfull and hooly and vertuous
 This old mon this blessed Symeon
 Dredfull also and passyngly famows
 Among the prestis to reede hem euerychon
 That was expectaunt of full long agon
 On the comfort and consolacion
 Of Isrel in his entencion

For he had onsswere of the Holy Gost
 In his preyer that he schuld se
 The byrthe of Cryst that is of power most
 And eke fro dethe that he schall goo fre
 To the tyme of his natiuite
 And to the day with his eyn old
 The byrth of hym that he may behold

The whych day is by grace com
 And for that he by revelacion
 The tyme knew he hath the way nom
 To the temple with hye devocion
 To se of Cryst the presentacion
 How that Mare and Joseph also
 The chyld present and hur offeryng do

And for that Cryst was the fyrst born
 After the law in hys tender age
 Not of Leuy as ye have hard to foron
 But of Juda comon by lynage
 Therfor hys moder most holy of vysage
 Hur offurrying made lyst not for to stryve
 For hym ageyn to pay schylyngis fyve

132 THE PURIFICACION MARIE.

Lyke as the custom of the law was
 Sche mekely made hys redempcion
 And Symeon beholdyng all this case
 Full styly in his inspeccion
 For love brennyng by affeccion
 Of verrey hart sodenly abreyde
 Holdyng the chyld even thus he seyde

O blestfull lord of thi hee grace
 Yf that thou lyst now thou meyst me lete
 Owtt of this lyfe in pees and rest pace
 And suffer me to dye in quyetē
 For now to me dethe is wonder swete
 Now have I seyn thi helth and thi socour
 And of monkynd lord and savyour

Whych thow hast dyght afor thi faces all
 Of ych pepul to make hem glad and lyght
 To lette thy grace so to the erth fall
 Thorow all the world to schow his beymis bryght
 That may be called for comfort of hys lyght
 Of foren folke the revelacion
 The glory also and the saluacion

Of Israel the pepull in speciall
 To bryng hem owt of all darkenes
 And Mary full mekely lysteneth all
 And gan merveyly with grett avysnes
 Of the wordis that he can expresse
 And Joseph eke dyd wonder also
 And Symeon hem blessing both too

Spake to Mary and seyde in audience
 Behold and se in thyn inspeccion
 How he is putte in ruyne and offence
 Of mony won here in hys regyon
 And to somme in resurreccion
 That releve thorow hys myghtty grace
 And thorow thi sowle schall a scharp swyrd pace

Of hartly wo to se hys passion
 That passyngly schall bitter be and fell
 To open hartis by confession
 Hor synfull thowghtis oponly to tell
 And Anna tho dowghter of Phanuell
 Born of the tribe and of the kynrede
 Called Aser sothly as I rede

That was that day runne far in age
 Whech in the temple by contynnaunce
 Sool by hurselt owt of maryage
 Lay nyght and day in fastyng and penaunce
 In wydowes habyte sad of cowntenans
 And in preyer was hur besy cure
 Whych in that owre of grace or aventure

When Cryst was ther with his moder dere
 In the tyme of hys oblacion
 This Anna come demure and sad of chere
 And unto hym with grette devocion
 When sche hym saw on knees fell down
 Recomforted of all hur old smart
 Hym honowryng with all hur hool hart

134 THE PURIFICACION MARIE.

And seyð oponly that all myghten here
 Beys merey and lyght in your entencion
 And euery man be glad and of gud chere
 For now is borne for owre salvacion
 He that make shall owre redempcion
 This yong chylde blessed mot he be
 That me hath grawnted his face for to see

And then in sothe when euery thyng was done
 After the law without excepcion
 And that Anna and holy Symeon
 Had of this chylde declaracion
 As he have hard in conclusyon
 The chylde and Joseph and his moder fre
 Retowrned hom in to Galeyle

Now me semeth in this hee ferye
 That named is the Purificacion
 Every mon owght to be merye
 And with gud hart and hool intencion
 Devowtly bryng his oblacion
 And offur a turtul fyrst of innocence
 And a dowve next for his offence

For grete mystery is in both tweyne
 The toon comendyd for his chastite
 And the tother yf I schall not feyne
 Is symple and meke and withowt cruelte
 The turtull preysed of trowthe and honeste
 And the dowve hath kyndly excellence
 Of mekenes and hartly pacyens

And he that well hys offering make aryght
 He may not fayle noon of both too
 Fyrst schyne in mekenes with his chast lyght
 As the turtull and therwith also
 Lyke the dowve bothe in wele and woo
 Hys hart dawnt so by temperance
 To voyde rancour and plante in sufferance

And as the turtull by contemplatyffe
 For synne sorowethe with waymentyng
 Oonly for loue of thys eternall lyffe
 That lasteth euer and may haue noon endyng
 And as the bryd scheweth the comyng
 Of greene veer with fresch buddes new
 Ryght so of vertu with floures feyre of hew

He must ensampul of the turtull take
 And be well ware that he not no vary
 But to lyfe sool when he hath lost his make
 And in preyer be also solytary
 And loke alway that he not ne tary
 On no careon of no fleschly hede
 And with all this to take also hede

That he his lyfe lede not in veyn
 But lyke a dowve bysyly aspye
 Wher he of vertu gedur may the greyne
 And that he fle not owt of company
 Wantyng also the gall of envy
 And that he have euer indignacion
 Thorow synfull lust full of corrupcion

On ony careon to fostren hym and fede
 And euer more with all his besy peyne
 Exschewyng synne loue God and drede
 And with the dowve syke and compleyne
 For hys offence aud with wyngis tweyne
 Take his flyght as far forthe as he can
 Thorow perfyt loue bothe to God and man

And as the dowve towcheth hur make
 Only by cussyng when they togedur goon
 So muste he whether he slepe or wake
 Thorow charyte sett his hart in won
 And lyke a dowve make his rest in ston
 This is to say among all his plesaunce
 He must his flesch dawnt with penawnce

And as a dowve with hur eyon meke
 Of kynd aspyeth amynd the revere
 The hawkes schadow when he dothe hir seke
 And flyeth away or he come any nere
 Ryght so must he with perfyt eyon clere
 Amynd the watres full of wo and stryf
 In the wawes of this mortall lyfe

The deedly schades of the fend eschew
 That wayteth hym with snares large and huge
 And to the deethe euer doth hym purswe
 To trappe hym here in the deluge
 And lyke a dowve fle to his refuge
 By grace only yf he may askape
 Or deth betrasche hym with hys sodeyn rape

And who by clennes with the turtull fleth
 As I to foron have made mencion
 And lyke the dowve aforon his perel seth
 Of deth to eschew the persecucion
 And to be meke in all tribulacion
 I dar record and wryte hit for sothe
 Trewly to God he is offurryng doth

But who that euer lyveth in chastete
 And hath envy enclosed in his thowght
 He may well offur what so that he be
 To God a turtul but the dowve noght
 Wherefore thei must be togedur browght
 That clennes by sothfast vnyte
 Without partyng be knyth in chasteti

And sothely then is ther no more to seyn
 When his offeryng and his oblacion
 Is justly made to God of both tweyn
 Hit is accepted to more deuocion
 And for to make a schort discripcion
 Of the turtul and of the dowves kynd
 Rede thes versus and ye schall hit fynd

*Alta petit turtur cantando gemit vemens ver
 Nunciat et caste viuit solusque moriatur
 Pullos nocte fouet morticimumque fugit
 Grana ledit volitat sociata cadavera vitat
 Folle caret plangit sociumque per oscula tangit
 Petra dat hinc nidum fugit hostem in flumine visum
 Rostro non ledit geminos pullos bene nutrit*

Amen

The Incarnation.

The Almyghty Kyng of blys
Assumpsit carnem virginis
As holy kyrke makys mynd
Intravit ventris thalamum
From heyuyh to erthe to saue monkynd
Pater misit filium
Of Marye mylde Cryste wolde be borne
Sine virili semine
To saue monkynd that was forlorne
Prime parentis crimine
To Mare came a messengere
Ferens salutem homini
Sehe answered hym with myld chere
Ecce ancilla Domini
Mekely on the thow Holy Goste
Palacium intrans uteri
Of althyng meknes is moste
In conspectu Altissimi
When he was borne that made all thyng
Pastor creator omnium
Angellis thei began to syng
Veni redemptor gencium
Thre kyngis come on gud xij day
Stella mycante pervia

To seche that chylde thei toke tho way

Portantes sibi munera

A sterne forth ladde theis kyngis all

Inquirentes Dominum

Lyyng in a nasse stall

Incenerunt puerum

For he was kyng of kyngis heghe

Rex primus aurum optulit

And allso lorde and kyng full ryght

Secundus rex thus pertulit

For he was God mon and kyng

Mirra mortem retulit

He hus all to heuyn bryng

Qui mortem cruce voluit

Explicit

Ecce Ancilla Domini

Seyde tho virgyn withowttyn vice
When Gabriell hur gret graciously
That holy pynakell perued of price
Of the schall sprynge a full swete spice
Then seyde the meydon full myldely
And sythen I ame so lytull of price

Ecce Ancilla Domini

Heyll be thow gracios withowtton gillte
Maydon borne alderbest
Wythin thi body schall be fulfyllyd
That all these prophetes haue preched so preste
God will be borne within thi brest
Then seyde tho meydon full myldely
To me he schall be a welcom geste

Ecce Ancilla Domini

Bot when sche sawe an angell bryght
Sche was aferde in all her thoght
And of his speche elles wonder sche myght
Then seyde the angell drede the noght

A blestfull tythyng I have the broght
Then seyde tho meydon full myldely
Os God will so be it wroght

Ecce Ancilla Domini

That angell seyde conceyve thou schalt
Within thi body byght
A childe that Jesus schall be called
That is grace Goddis son of myght
Thow art his tabernakull I dyght
Then seyde tho meydon full myldely
Sethen he seyde neuer ageyn ryght

Ecce Ancilla Domini

Call hym Jesus of Nazareth
God and mon in on degre
Ryght os mon schall suffer dethe
And regne in David dignite
A blestfull worde he sende to the
Then seyde tho meydon full myldely
He schall be dere welcum to mee

Ecce Ancilla Domini

Bot with mannis mode neuer I mette
Now lorde how schall I go with chylde
Then seyde the angell that her grett
With non suche thou schalt be fylde
The holy goste will in the byldon
Then seyde the meydon full myldely
Os God will so be it done

Ecce Ancilla Domini

When the angoll was vanesched away
Sche stode in stody all in hur thocht
And to herselfe sche can sey
All Goddis wille schall be wrought
For he is well of all witte
As wyttnesse well his story
At that worde knot was knytte

Ecce Ancilla Domini

Ave Regina Celorum

Heyle be thou Mary tho moder of Cryste
Heyle be tho bleste that euer bare chylde
Heyle be thou conseuyde all by lyste
Thi son Jesus bothe meke and mylde
Heyle meydou swete that neuer was fylde
Heyle weyle and wytte of all wysdum
Heyle feyrer then tho flowre unfylde

Ave Regina Celorum

Heyle comly qwene comforth of care
Heyle godly lady bothe feyr and bryght
Heyle tho socur of all owre sare
Heyle tho lampe that lenys hus lyght
Heyle godly lady in the was plyght
Tho joy of man bothe all and sum
Heyle tabarnakull hee on heyght

Mater Regys Angelorum

Heyle cumly qwene tho fayrest of all
Heyle in the owre blys is bredde
Heyle on the all wemen wyl call
When thei with chylde ben by stedde

Heyle that all fyndes wyll drydde
 And schall do to the day of dom
 With meydyns mylke thi chylde thou fydde
O Maria flos Virginum

Heyle tho feyrest of all gud fame
 Heyle that God schase to his bowre
 Heyle tho lampe that euer is lyghtand
 To hye and lowe to ryche and pore
 Heyle swetur then ony savowr
 Heyle that all owre joy of come
 Heyle of all wemen frute and flowre
Velud rosa vel lillium

Heyle gudly grownder of all grace
 Heyle blestefull starne of tho see
 Heyle tho saluer of owre solace
 Heyle tho chefe of chastite
 Heyle tho well of all mercy
 Heyle that bare God of heyvon
 Heyle tho tempull of tho trinite
Funde preces ad filium

Hele blestfull virgyn of all virgyns
 Heyle meydyn modur and blestfull mey
 Heyle the norse of swete Jesus
 Heyle gudly qwene as thou wele mey
 Heyle he lady to thi son thou prey
 That we mey cum to his kingdome
 For hus and for all oder thou prey
Et pro salute fidelium

The Masse.

The worthyest thyng most of gudnes
In all tho worde that is tho masse
In olde bokys of holy kyrke
That holy men in tyme con wyrke
Tho masse is preysed so mony a folde
That tho vertues mey neuer be tolde
For yf a thowsand clerkis dyd noght ellis
Af os tho olde bokis hus tellis
But told tho vertu of tho masse syngyng
And tho proffet of tho mas heryng
Yitt schulde thei neuer tell tho v. parte
For all ther wytt and all ther arte
And tho vertu and tho pardon
To theym that with devocyon
In clennes and in gud entent
Dose wyrschyp to tho sacrament
In a boke fynd I of a man
That Jeromye was his name
A devowte man in relygius
And in his boke he speketh thus
He seysse thou schuld gud tent take
And at mas no jangulyng make

Gret ensampull he settis therto
Why hit is full ewyll to do
Also he tellis this manere
How thou schall thi mas here
Wheder tho prest sey or syng
To hym thou take gud herkynnyng
When tho prest preye in prevete
Tyme of preyer hit is to the
When I upon a boke fyrst knew hit
Thus into Ynglysch I drew hit
When tho prest revestis hym mass to begyn
And mekis hym to God for his syn
Sey ye with hym *Confiteor*
Or ellis in Ynglysch thus therfor

I know me to God full of myght
And to his moder meydyn bryght
And to all tho halowys here
That I a wreched synner
And to the my fader gostly
That I haue synnyd largely
In thoght in dede in delyte
In wurd in warke I am to wyte
And full worthy blame
Therfor I preye sent Mary
And all tho hallowys holy
In Goddis holy name
That God of hus haue mercy
And the prest to preye for me
For his manhede
And of my wreched synfullnes

To gyff me grace and forgyffnes
 Of all my myssdede
 When thou thi *Confiteor* thus has done
Pater Noster and *Ave* sey fast theron
 Then without any terryng
 Thus on this wyse be thou seyng

God for thi gudnes
 At tho bygynnyng of this mas
 Grante all that hit schall here
 Of coneyonse to be elene and clere
 Lorde tho preyst that hit schall sey
 From temptacion this ylke day
 That he be elene in dede and thocht
 That evylle spretis noy hym noght
 That he fullfyll tho sacrament
 With elene herte and gud entent
 Fyrst hyle to hym honowre
 That suffreyn is and socowre
 And to thi moder meydyn elene
 And to thi halowse all by dene
 And to all that is sowle hele
 Helpe and grace and all kyn wele
 And to all that we haue in mynde
 Syb or fremyd be any kynde
 Gud lorde grande to them for this masse
 Of all there synnis forgyfnes
 And reste and pese that lastis ey
 To Crystyn sowlys passyd away
 And to hus all his socor he send
 And bryng hus all to a gud ende

Yf thou oght of letteris kon
To tho pryst thou herkyn then
Hys offyse prers and his pystyll
And answer ye hym with gud wyll
Or on a boke thi selfe rede
I wot ther is non vnspe
And thou kan not rede ne sey
Thi *Pater noster* thou reyherse ey
Tyll dekyn or prest tho gossPELL rede
Therto loke thou take ryght gud hede
At tho begynnyng gud tent thou take
And a large crosse on the thou make
Seyng thus on this manere
As thou mey se wrytyn here
In the name of tho fader tho son tho holy goste
And stydfaste God of myghttis moste
Be Goddis worde welcum to me
Joy and blys lorde be to the
After tho gossPELL and tho crede
The tyme is nere withowte drede
That men schulde profer ther offerondis
Or tho prest take water to his hondis
Offer or leue wheder the lyst
How thou schall prey I wolde thou wist
Als ne as hit is wrytyn I rede thou sey
On this maner thi God to prey

Jesus that was in Bedlem borne
And iij. kyngis come the beforne
There offerde golde sense and myrre
Thou forsoke none of there

Bot send them wele all thre
Home ageyne to there cuntre
Ryght so owre offerondis that we offer
And owre preyers that we profer
Thou take lorde to thi louyng
And be owre helpe in all thyng
That all perels be for done
And thi gud grace thou grante us sone
All owre mysdede that we amende
In all owre nede hus socor thou sende

After tho weschyng tho preyst wyl lowte
Tho awter kyste and storne hym abowte
Then he askis with styll steyuin
Ylke manse preyer to God of heyuin
Seche preyer I wolde we toke
As nexte foloys in tho masse boke
Tho holy goste that is on hyght
Sende hus grace to leue ryght AMEN

Explicit

That pes May stond.

Ihesu that was borne of Mare fre
As he hafe power and mey best
Saue all in gud prosperite
That feyne wolde sette this reme in rest
And send whom luf and charite
That feyth were wonis among hus fast
For by my trothe hit is pete
To wytte tho pepul so sore dystrest
As thei have byn be est and west
Robbud and slene thoro owt this longde
All myzthe Jhesu os he mey best
Lene hus grace nowe that pese mey stond

For I haue myche mervel of mony men
That of more myscheue wold be fulle feyne
And syche as kan no resun ken
That wolde ther schulde be trobul ageyne
And hase hade knoleg whar and when
How mony a gud mon has ben slene
Me thynke that konsyonis schuld hom ken
To pray for pes with all thes mene
That lord that for hus soffurd pene

And markud Adam apou the sond
Send luf and charete home ageyne
And lene hus grace that pes may stond
And he that more unpes wolde haue
Within this reme be day or nyghthe
I pray to God he be not save
But on hym selve that hyt mey lyghthe
For ther ar mony a lyder knave
That in the fylde wolde feyntly fyghth
But trwe mens gud zyt wolde thei have
To robbe and reve them of ther ryghth
Jesus os he is most of myghth
Send luf and charite in to this londe
That consyons moth kepe his kandul lyghth
And lene hus grace now that pes may stonde

Be mony insampuls men mey see
That we plese not all owre God to pey
For hare be fore in yeris thre
Mych of owre welth hase wastud away
With grete darthe and poverte
And unkyndle wedurs be nyghth and dey
Waters stronke and flodis hee
Whyche dystryde bothe korne and hey
And amonke howr selfe byn mony a frey
Be northe and sowthe thore owte this londe
Almyghty Jesus os he best mey
Lene hus grace nowe that pes moght stonde

Hyte were grete nede to prey for pes
And fro all sech folys hus defende

For loke sython waris began to ses
 How feire insampuls God has hus sende
 And lyke thoro grace that tho worde schuld mende
 Tho sesonabuldst wedur withowton leyse
 That euer mon sawe dryvun tyl a nende
 And feyr on gronde kon kornis increas
 Were luf and charite with hus blend
 That concions myghth regne within this londe
 Then schulde owre trobul be at a nende
 And I trust to God that pes schulde stonde

To prey for luf and charite
 Hit was neuer so mycul nede
 For we haue lost in yeris thre
 Mony dughth mon of dede
 Yette wolde we all truwe men be
 And holde togeder when we haue nede
 With tho grace of God and owre Lade
 Hus thurt no noder nacions drede
 We ar yette enoo so God me spede
 To defende owre enmys owt of this londe
 That lorde that on a rode kon blede
 Lene hus grace now that pes may stonde

Wolde we be trwe in fylde and towne
 And all men held apon a syde
 With tho ryght of Ynglonde and tho cron
 And lett no falsdom be owre gyde
 Yf that our enmys wolde be boyn
 Agenis hus for to go or ryde
 And we wolde fare with no tresond

We schulde be abull to fel ther pride
That lorde that sofurd wondis wyde
Sende luf and charite into this londe
That coneyons myghth among us byde
And lene hus grace now that pes mey stonde

And Mare mylde that neuer hade make
Prey to thi son bothe dey and nyghth
Lene hom grace seche consel take
That mey be plesand to God Almyghth
And all falsdam to forsake
And euery mon holde with trothe and ryght
And then schulde welthe and worchyp wake
And ful grete grace among hus lyghth
Jesus as he ys most of myghth
Lene hus grace now that pes myghthe stonde
And bryng hus all to that bygyng bryghth
Ther joy and blys ys euer lastonde

Explicit quod Heege

Verbum Caro Factum Est

I passud thorow a garden grene
I fond a herbere made full newe
A semelyor syght I haff noght sene
O ylke tree sange a tyrtull trew
Theryn a maydon bryght off hew
And euer sche sange and neuer sche sesest
Thies were the notis that sche can schew
Verbum caro factum est

I askud that mayden what sche mentt
Sche bad me byde and I schuld here
What sche sayd I toke gude tent
In hyr songe had sche voice full clere
Sche said a prynce withouten pere
Ys borne and layd betwene to best
Therefore I synge as ye mey here
Verbum caro factum est

And thoroght that frythe as I can wend
A blestfull zit hard I mo
And that was of three scheperdis hend
Gloria in excelsis Deo

158 VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST.

I wold noght they had faren me fro
 And efthyr them full fast I prest
 Then told thei me that thei sange soo
 For *Verbum caro factum est*

They said that songe was this to sey
 To God aboun be joy and blysse
 For that yn erth also we pray
 Tyll all men that yn goodnesse ys
 The may that is withowten mysse
 Hasse borne a child betwene to bestes
 Scho is the cause theroff I wysse
 That *Verbum caro factum est*

I fared me furthe yn that frythe
 I mett three comely kyngis with gone
 I spod me furth to spoke them with
 And on my knees I kneled done
 The ryalest of hom to me com rene
 And said wo farred wele at the fest
 Fro Bethleem now ar we bone
 For *Verbum caro factum est*

For wose God be comm in mannish flesh
 That bote hasse broght off all our bele
 Away owre synnis for to wesche
 A mey hym harburd yn hur hall
 Scho socourd hym sothty yn hur sale
 And held that hend yn hur arest
 Full trewly may sche tell that tale
 That *Verbum caro factum est*

Untyll that prynces wyll we pray
 Als sche is bothe moder and mayd
 Sche be our helpe als sche wele may
 To hyme that yn hur lappe was layd
 To serue hyme we be prest and payd
 And therto make we oure behest
 For I hard when sche sung and said
Verbum caro factum est

Explicit quod John Hawghton

Deo Gracias.

In a kyrke as [I] can knele
This endyrs-dey be a wode syde
Me lyked tho servys wonder wele
For thi tho lengur I can abyde
I sawe a clerke a boke forthe brynge
That pryked was in mony place
Fast he soght what he schulde synge
And all was Deo Gracias

And alle tho queresters of that quere
On that worde fast con thei crye
Tho noyse was gud and I drogh nere
And calde a prest fulle preuelye
I seyde Syr for yowre curtesye
Telle me now yf ye hafe space
What hit meneth and for whye
Ye syng thus Deo Gracias

In sylke that comly clerke was clade
And on a letterne leyned hee
And with his worde he made me glade
And seyde son I wyllle telle thee

Fadur and son in trynite
Tho holy gost grownde of grace
Also ofte tymis on hem thenke we
Os we syng Deo Gracias

Owte of the kyrke I went my way
And in that worde was all my thocht
Twenti tymes I con say
God graunt that I forgete it noght
Thogh I were owtt of gud lyfhyng broght
What helpe wer me to say alas
In the name of God what soo be wroght
I schall say Deo Gracias

In myschef and in gud lyf bothe
That worde is gud to say and synge
And not to weyll nor to be wrothe
Thogh all be not at owre lykyng
For angur schall not be euerlastyng
And sumtyme dyspleaunce will ouerpasse
Ey in hope of a mendyng
I schall say Deo Gracias

Amende that thou has done of mysse
Do wele and have no drede
Whether thou be in bale or blysse
Thi suffuraunce schall geyte the mede
Yf thou thi lyffe in lykyng leyde
So thou be kynde in euery case
Thanke thi God yf thou wele spede
With this word Deo Gracias

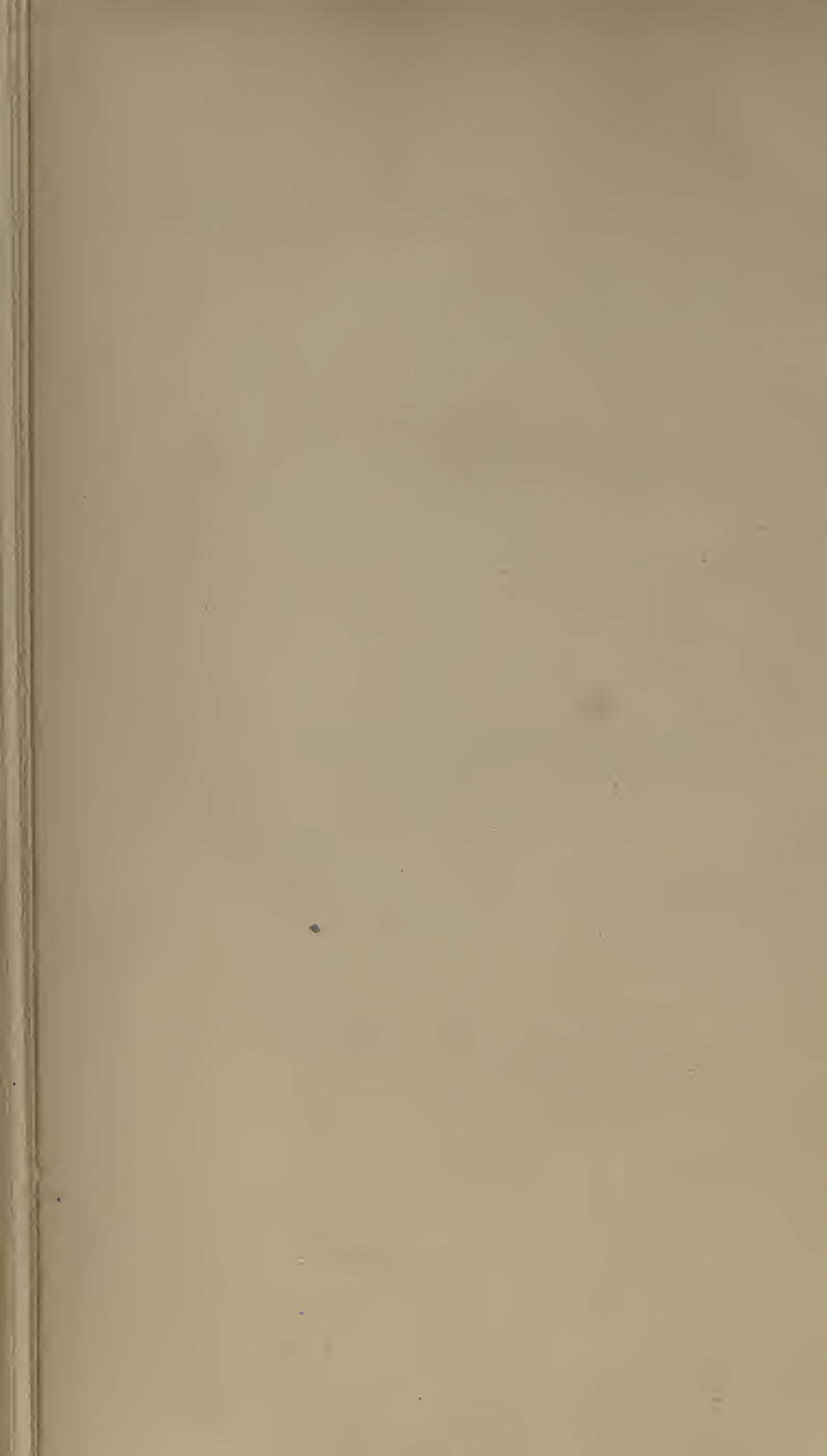
Yf God haue gyfhen the vertus moo
Then he as gyfhen other too or thre
I rede the that thow reule the soo
That men may speke worchip be the
Be ferde of pride and bost thou fle
Thi wittes lett nott be foulde in no cace
Bot kepe the elene curtes and free
And thenke on Deo Gracias

And yf thow be made an officere
And art a mon of mykull myght
What cace thou demes loke it be clere
And bereyfe no mon his ryght
Yf thow be strong and ferce to fyght
For envy make thou never cause
Bot drede thi God bothe dey and nyght
And euer thou say this Deo Gracias

Of this worde in harte we have
And ey in loffe and charite lende
Of Crist be conande we may crafe
That joye that neuer schall haue ende
Owt of this worlde wen we schall wende
In to his blys for to passe
And sitte among his seyntis hende
And in that place syng Deo Gracias

Explicit.

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